

HIGH TIMES

APRIL 1982

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OF PUNK



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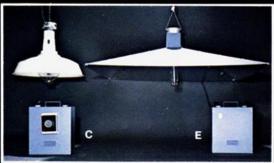
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GH TIMES

No. 80 April '82

C -VANUARA DA F	
FEATURES	
Interview: DEA Informant by Bob LaBrasca For the past two years, the subject of this month's interview has been working for the Drug Enforcement Administration as a confidential informant. An ex-dope smuggler, he was arrested for organized burglary and was offered money and immunity in exchange for information. His detailed description of his life as a snitch makes for one of the most interesting interviews we've run in years	Cover photos by (clockwise top left): Michael Aldrich; Shepard Sherbell/The Pi Group; Bob Gruen/ Topix.
Testing U.S. Grade A Mississippi Green by Robert Huff The United States government paid Mr. Huff over \$400 a week to come to their laboratory and smoke their pot. All he had to do in return was spit into a test tube, pee in a cup and play with video games all day. Talk about your righteous dealers!	45
Snow Job by Gardner Dozois and Michael Swanwick Jerry's the con man and Stringy's the mark. But Jerry doesn't know that Stringy's also an elite member of the Time Corps. And after trying to scam one of those dudes with a bogus coke deal, you may just find yourself transported back to the past, polishing drool cups for Adolf Hitler and/or working as imperial butt-boy to any one of a dozen sordid and disgusting Roman emperors.	40 Remember Pur by Legs McNeil Now that Oral R University coeds are sp mohawks and Lawrence
Centerfold: Commodities in Transit	53 is doing Lounge Lizard
Nightmare by Ward Damio "To sleep, perchance to dreamabout having a swarm of giant bats flapping their long bony wings above your head, calling to you with your mother's voice, swooping down, pressing their ugly little bodies against your face; to become a bat yourself—a vampire bat—and to see yourself sucking out the blood of your cousins from out of town." More inside	the time has come to ge to basics. "A Big Mac, a Pabst and a hum job fro Lothar and the Hand Pe exclaims our author, "th what punk means to me
HIGHWITNESS NEWS	
"Fat Solubility" Pot Scare Quietly Put to Sleep Antipot Bund Launches Idiot Lobbying Binge Marijuana Recession Hits Colombia Tinker, Tailor, Dope Dealer, Spy High Praise for Abby NORML Meeting a Stone Success Lor Star "Headshop" Bill Creates Catch-22 Snafu	. 19
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DEPARTMENTS Flashes	7 17 18 19 19 10 19 10 19 10 19 10 19 10 19 10 19 10 19 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10



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ember Punk gs McNeil that Oral Roberts eds are sporting Lawrence Welk ge Lizard tunes, come to get back Big Mac, a six of um job from e Hand People," author, "that's eans to me."



dential: lariani Meulen-Windsant mer ommon red h a few leaves of an shrubbery to But every iter, performer, d child drank it copiously and testified to the beneficent genius of M. Angelo

Mariani of Corsica.

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HIGH TIMES

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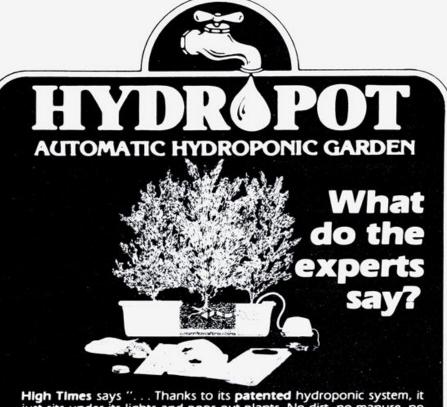
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Even though Ann Jillian (pictured above), star of the hit TV series "Making a Living," didn't show up, the party HIGH TIMES threw in support of a bunch of New York City groups fighting the antiparaphernalia laws was a bona fide success. "Yippee!" shouted one bong maker as he pranced about the crowd. "After the bash you guys hosted for NORML down in D.C. last December-when you had that hot reggae band Determination playing-I swore I'd never miss one of your shindigs again. By the way, I'm not one to complain, but somebody better go back and talk to the cook. He's put toothpicks in all the little meatballs. Ha-ha, that's an antiparaphernalia joke, son."

WHY DO YOU THINK THEY CALL IT DOPE DEPT.

Apologies are due to photographer Hank Morgan of Discover magazine, whose photo of Carlton Turner on page 34 of our February issue we neglected to credit.

LOW BLOW

Down here in New Orleans there is a lot of bait-andswitching in the blow market. It's getting expensive and we're all becoming neurotic. What are the names of a few of the labs that I can send samples to and what is the procedure? Has it been proven to be a risky business to approach labs cold with an unknown substance? I know there are a few places around, but I don't know how to go about finding them.

> -Name withheld New Orleans, La.

We're always happy to publish the names of street-drug testing labs. Since some of our best information comes from these labs, we positively encourage readers to send them samples. As far as we know, no busts have originated with labs.

You should be aware of what labs can and cannot do. They can tell you what ingredients are in the sample (called a qualitative assay, ortest), but not how much of the various substances they found (called a quantitative assay). The DEA gives out licenses to do quantitative assays, and isn't particularly anxious to help dealers conduct connoisseur-level transactions. What this means to you is that if you think you just paid \$140 for a pile of imported baby laxative, or if you think the buzzin your blow isn't snow, by all means drop a sample to a lab. But if your worries are confined to degrees of purity, a qualitative assay won't be much help.

To obtain an analysis, mail your sample, in an envelope marked HAND CANCEL, together with a money order for \$15 for each sample enclosed. The lab will need a foil-wrapped sample of reasonable size, such as a full capsule or tablet or at least three match heads' worth of a powder. Also, send a note stating what the sample is supposed to be, what undesirable effects, if known, it has, where it was purchased and the street price. The labs do not analyze vitamins, food or herb samples, or run assays for the presence of herbicides or pesticides. Assays for water-based liquid samples generally require a prior arrangement with the lab. continued on page 11



Good news, sports fans. This month sees the publication of HIGH TIMES editorial director Larry "Ratso" Sloman's new book, Thin Ice: A Season in Hell with the New York Rangers. Even those of you little bongsuckers out there who couldn't care less about the exciting world of professional ice hockey will find my-er, I mean, Larry's - book a big-league turn-on.

Inside Thin Ice: A Season in Hell with the New York Rangers you'll be able to read a whole bunch of really great stuff-like how cocaine destroyed the Ranger career of promising young superstar Donny Murdoch, and how Ranger captain Barry Beck used to rob people's homes and beat up policemen when he was a 250-pound teenager roaming the streets of Vancouver. Then there's a never-before-published account of an initiation that all pro players must go through involving a can of shaving cream, a rusty razor and the first nine inches (that's right, nine inches!) of a professional hockey stick.

Critics who've read Thin Ice: A Season in Hell with the New York Rangers (published by William Morrow; available at fine bookstores coast to coast and the world over) have compared it with such tell-all sports classics as Jim Bouton's Ball Four and Sparky Lyle's The Bronx Zoo. I think it's better than that. I think that my book is one of the greatest ever written . . . I mean Larry's book . . . I mean we think Larry's book is one of the . . .

WHERE'S KESEY?

Editor:

Thanks for "Colloquium '81" in your December issue. The renaissance is here, and none too soon, considering the state of the state. My only complaint is that Ken Kesey wasn't involved in the project. All it takes is the first few pages of Acid Test to realize that any discussion about LSD that did not include the chief Merry Prankster is bound to be a waste of time. At any rate, let's have more articles like this one and maybe an interview with Kesev. -Dennis Address withheld

Glad you enjoyed the consciousness piece, Dennis. According to Peter Stafford, who organized Colloquium II, Kesey was indeed invited to participate in the event-no word as to why he didn't show. As for an interview with Ken, we ran a pretty good one back in October of '79. Check it out; you'll enjoy it. - Ed.

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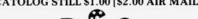
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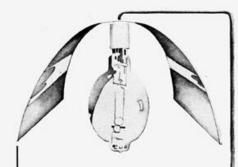
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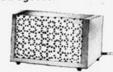
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CRUEL AND UNUSUAL AND ALL FUCKED UP

A couple of months ago I was busted with 1½ ounces of marijuana. While I was going into a rock concert the security police mobbed me. A police officer told me to step aside. Then he had me do a spread-eagle on his car. He put his handcuffs on me and took me downtown. I could tell he was enjoying every minute of it. You would

When I arrived downtown they gave me the standard animal procedure. Then think I was trying to take in a gun. they put me in a small concrete cell. Different men came in and went out all night. During that night all kinds of people were being brought in. One middle-aged lady came in screaming at the cops: "You raped my daughter. You are no good son-ofa-bitches!" She went into a wild frenzy of more screaming, scratching, kicking, punching and clawing of the officers. Finally, they dragged her away. Still she was screaming like a woman possessed. Later a man in his late 50s came in. He was telling them, "You killed the president, you no good assholes!" He also fought them. They put him in a solitary cell and in a straitjacket. During that night episodes like these were common. In my cell there were 20 people. We had to sleep, or at

The next day I went into another cell. Right away one of the prisoners started to least try to, in that situation. harass me. Then he started to push me around and knocked my head against the wall and toilet. Then the other prisoners started to help him. All three of them threatened to rape me. The leader told me he hated all "white boys" and that was why he was harassing me. When I told him I had a Spanish last name, one of the others kicked my head against the toilet. At that point I screamed at the guards and told them to let me out. The prisoners tried to convince him that I was okay and they didn't want me to leave. Luckily the guard did let me out.

When I arrived at the next cell there was a sign that there was actually someone human in this madhouse. He asked me, "Are you okay?" But, as it turned out, he was just as crazy as anybody else. He was so terrified by the prospect of getting sent to the state pen, that he tried to talk me into killing him for his own good. He told me he didn't have the guts to do it himself. Luckily, for the both of us, he was released. After a couple of more days, I was released too.

Several months passed before I was sent a court notice. I had arraignment for several weeks later. The notice stated that I was charged with possession of marijuana and could face up to one year in jail and/or a \$1,000 fine. I decided I should get a lawyer, and I did. When we arrived for my arraignment we found out that they had lost my file. My lawyer signed some legal papers and told me he would contact me when he found out when my court hearing would be held. I'm still waiting for that

In conclusion, I am a very bitter young man. Not only was I put through a lot of bullshit, but I still will probably have to put up with more. Now I know what you people are talking about when you say "drug hysteria." Name and address withheld and a mark district the country and reached and reached and reached a marked and reached a

LOW BLOW

continued from page 9

On the West Coast, PharmChem Laboratories operates Analysis Anonymous, Department B, 3925 Bohannon Dr., Menlo Park, CA 94025. With each sample, include a five-digit number followed by a letter of the alphabet. Test results may be obtained two to three days after the sample is received by calling (415) 328-6200 and giving your identification code. SP Labs asks that you include a five-digit number with each sample and send it to 5426 NW 79th Ave., Miami, FL 33166. Their number is (305) 446-3585; callers in Florida use 1-800-432-8255—Ed.

CONSERVATIVE THOUGHT

Editor

Warning: The surgeon general has determined that The Conservative Thought is dangerous to your health. The Conservative Thought is for turkeys only. Conservatives eat shit, chase rabbits and bark at the moon. The Conservative Look sucks. The Conservative Thought will cause the stock market to crash and will bankrupt millions of Americans. The "New Right" is the same old wrong. To be American is not to be conservative.

—James McLerene Address withheld

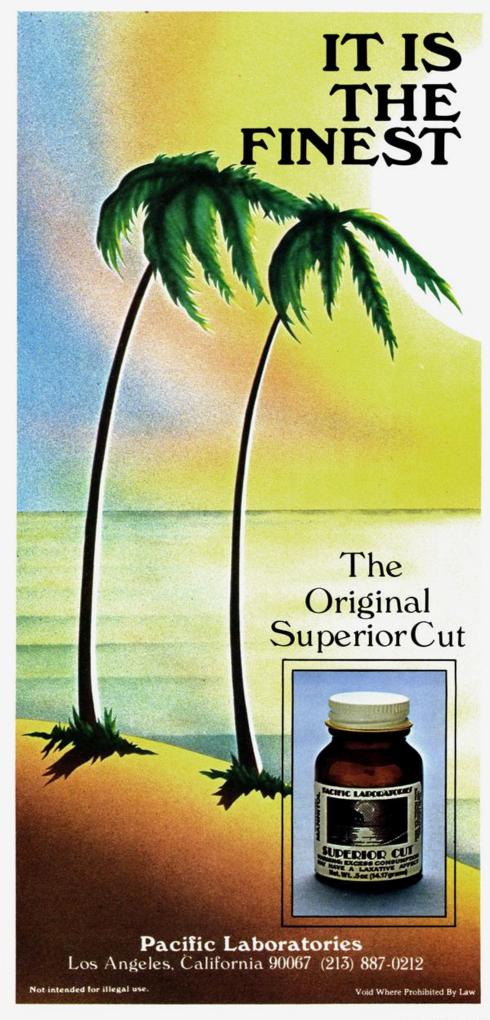


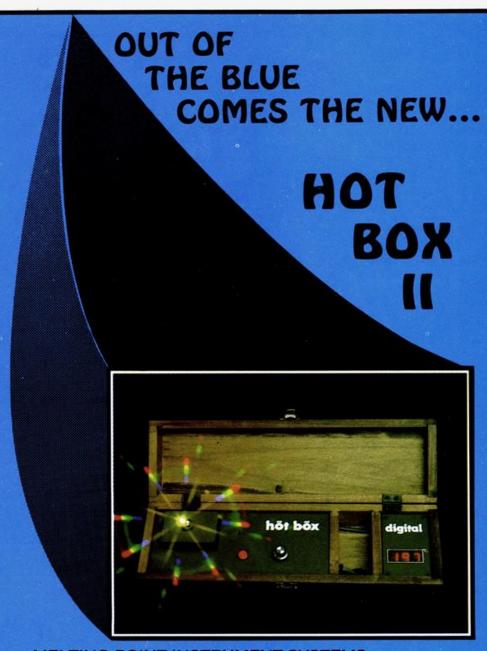
HOSER HOEDOWN

Editor

Aloha from the west coast of British Columbia. Pictured above are all the fixins of a hot Saturday night in B.C., featuring our own "Island green." Don't get us wrong: We know our crop isn't exactly comparable to the breed of cannabis found in the columns of "R.," but it gets us buzzed for the night so we really don't give a flying friedman. Please don't think we're putting down anyone's efforts to grow intradimensional smoke or, for that matter, any effort to make a living off writing about same. We respect "R."'s achievements and would like to learn a lot more about them. So party hearty and always strive for the best. From the land that brought you Rush, Cano, Heavy Metal, Telephones, Newspapers and forests that haven't even seen Indians yet, we are.

> -A Fine Pair of Canadian Fools Somewhere in British Columbia





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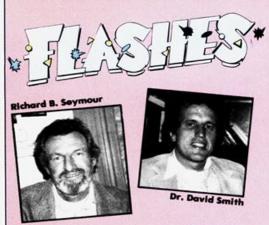
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Drug abusers please take note: As of this month the HIGH TIMES Drug Abuse Folio will be written by Dr. David Smith and Richard B. Seymour, Dr. Smith, in addition to having been alcoholism and drug consultant to numerous presidential committees and governmental task forces, served as health adviser to Jimmy Carter. He is also the founder and current medical director of the world famous Haight Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. Author of hundreds of articles and books that run the gamut from shell shock in Vietnam to street hustling, Dr. Smith conceived of and sits on the editorial review board of the Journal of Psychoactive Drugs.

Richard B. Seymour is currently the director of both the Haight Ashbury Training and Educational Projects and the Haight Ashbury Drug Abuse Prevention Project. He has served internationally as a health and drug-abuse consultant and published numerous articles treating a wide variety of drug-related issues.

As health professionals in the prevention of drug abuse, Dr. Smith and Mr. Seymour cannot advocate the use of any psychoactive substance. They do, however, feel a responsibility to provide the public with accurate information regarding such substances, to which use they will direct their column.



HYDROPHILE

Editor:

Thanks a lot for the advance word on hydroponics and pruning. These beauties will keep me in sticky stash all year plus procure me some bucks for other recreational pursuits. Who said, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing"? Viva Vermiculate!

St. Paul, Minn.

ANTI-ANTICOKE

Editor:

It was refreshing to see an anticoke article in HIGH TIMES ["Cocaine Confidential," Dec. '81], but I disagree with most of Sheera Stern's reasons for hating that drug (or should I say that *cult*?).

I see nothing wrong with keeping drugs in a safe-deposit box. It's a good idea for anyone who has a large enough stash to qualify for a bad bust (and is there any other kind?). It is also an excellent party drug, Ms. Stern, notwithstanding. It is conducive to all social activities, from conversation to sex. What could be better at a



What's bad about it is its brevity of effect, for one thing. Its status as a snob drug and its association with materialistic and power-oriented values is another negative aspect (Ms. Stern did touch on that briefly, "no one ever forgets how much it costs," etc., plus her mention of the tacky way men use it as a come-on).

The worst thing about coke, however, is the way it is talked about to the point of total tedium (yes, I know I am adding to that talk). No drug in the world could be as big a deal as everyone would like to pretend coke is. And it is a drag to take anything that makes the user feel like a complete conformist for doing so. At least speed is not so trendy!

—Fran Now

San Francisco, Cal.

continued from page 7



the widow Schang is settling for cash and we get to keep the magazine.

Mr. Lipsig was asked by the court to try and settle the HIGH TIMES case because, in the words of presiding judge Marie Lambert, "if anybody could save the magazine and the money for the estate it was Mr. Lipsig. He's resourceful and he's bright and that's why I appointed him."

Come now, Madame Justice, Mr. Lipsig is a lot more than merely bright and resourceful. As the nation's preeminent negligence lawyer, Mr. Lipsig has undoubtedly won more money for more people than any other attorney in history. In fact, when you consider the fact that in the past 20 years he's had only three verdicts returned in which his clients were not awarded a cash settlement, he probably stacks up as one of the most successful attorneys ever to argue a case. Furthermore, your honor, how many other lawyers that you know have filed suits in rhymed couplets, or keep a handsome set of human skulls on their desks?

Mr. Lipsig's astonishing success rate is all the more remarkable when one considers the types of cases he personally chooses to work on. (He is the senior partner in the law firm of Lipsig, Sullivan and Liapakis.) "I handle only the most challenging and provocative cases," he says with a sly smile. "I like the colorful. I can't stand the humdrum." Here, then, is a small sampling of some of his kinkier cases:

He won damages for a sailor who was bitten by a mosquito off the coast of Africa, maintaining that the shipping company that employed him had ignored the threat of malaria.

He recovered damages for the heirs of a man who was eaten, as Mr. Lipsig puts it, "by a hitand-run shark," while bathing in the ocean near an Acapulco hotel.

He collected for a hospital patient who'd found out after the malpractice statute of limitations had run out that her doctors had left a surgical clamp in her stomach.

The list goes on and on. In fact, it's 56 years long (that's right, Mr. Lipsig has been practicing law since 1926—a time when it was still legal in most parts of the country to smoke pot).

In fact, with more than a lifetime of such rousing experiences behind him, one would imagine that he found settling the domestic disputes of a magazine rather dull. Not at all, he says. "I enjoyed it. I've met a number of my godchildren, as it were, and found them a most interesting group. A group that I would consider it a privilege to represent in any capacity." Thanks, Harry.

Finally... a clip in Precious Metal!



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COPS 'N' DOPERS

Editor:

I have been a subscriber and avid reader of your magazine for almost two years. I began reading the magazine with an interest in learning more about "controlled" substances. I am happy to report that your publication has exceeded my wildest expectations. You see, I am a cop, and I've now testified as an expert on several drugs in over 40 court cases. Without your fine publication a number of these drug suspects would have otherwise escaped prosecution. I was particularly impressed by several articles last summer in which techniques describing tactics to avoid detection and arrest were discussed. They were for the most part very accurate and had it not been for the articles I would not have placed so much emphasis on these areas in my reports. There is nothing quite so satisfying as the clang of steel doors echoing down the halls. -Sidney Address withheld

Although we suspect you are probably just a paranoid crank and not really the asshole cop you claim to be, we wish to respond to your bogus claims.

For almost eight years we have carefully gone over each item we run to make sure no individual could remotely be implicated or put into legal jeopardy. When we discuss "techniques" to avoid detection and arrest we make sure that only those already known to well-informed police agents are mentioned. We exclude the most up-to-date methodology until we are sure it will not blow anybody's cover.

For example, when we wrote about ways drugs are smuggled into prisons, we edited out the least known and most ingenious examples; and we used only those that had already been uncovered by guards in the past.

So if you are an ignorant cop not familiar with the rudimentary elements of the dope world, then you probably would make the perfect expert witness for a defense attorney to hack apart. Secondhand knowledge leaves obvious gaps in credibility during a good cross-examination. If you are a reader trying to make a point, be assured that we reveal no more than we ought to. -Ed. □

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Can You Pass the Grass Test?

by "R."

ONTROVERSY TIME AGAIN. We've been spending the last few columns concentrating on tasting weeds, selecting seeds and critiquing breeds of grass. Now it's time to step back, look at the larger picture from the connoisseur angle, and ask a hard question: Are you qualified to smoke grass?

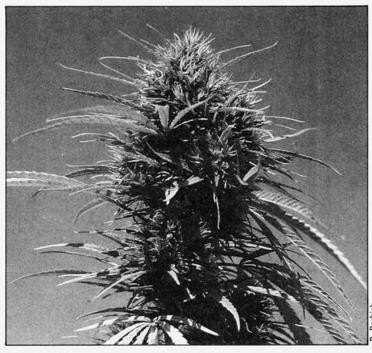
That's right. Can you measure up to the pleasure? Can you handle the high?

You probably never stopped to think about it that way. You probably take it for granted that you deserve to smoke marijuana, that your only obstacles are ridiculous, antiquated, prohibition-type legislation. But what about the karmic laws, the natural laws, the Higher authorities-do you qualify by those standards to partake of the sacred wisdom weed, or are you wasting the high-powered wisdom in the weed by funneling it into a low-powered airhead?

I hadn't stopped to consider the question in this harsh light until I had a provocative conversation with a retired gourmet grass dealer recently.

We were smoking some of the fine new cheap Mexican that's been showing up in town. Fat, bright, seedy colas with plenty of pep to the puff. But this guy was in a downbeat mood, denouncing the plague of dumbness that had driven him out of the grass business.

stand couldn't anymore," he said. "It seemed like all my customers were airheads. I used to think my dealing parlor was a kind of salon where some of the smartest, funniest people would show up. These people had interesting things to say, they'd add to each other's knowledge, play off each other's wit. You know what I mean. But now it's different. Now you get a bunch of people doin' nothing but saying how wrecked they are,



talking about money, astrology, same old boring shit you can hear at any suburban shopping mall. It's the Dawn of the Dumb. You're always complaining that the quality of Colombian's gone down, 'R.,'" he said to me.

"If you ask me, it's the quality of people smoking it that's gone down."

Surprised by this attack, but nevertheless noting some truth in his observations, I asked him what he thought could be done about it.

"I think there ought to be a test," he said.

"A test?"

"That's right. People take their ability to smoke marijuana for granted. They take the potential for enhancing consciousness too lightly, treat a joint like a bottle of beer. They ought to have to show they're qualified to appreciate what it has to offer."

Well, if you understand where this guy's coming from, you can perhaps understand the harshness of his judgment of contemporary cannabis consumers. He started out in the

'60s as a purveyor of primo pot to that small idealistic group in the peace movement that gave birth to the whole antiwar movement, and in turn the whole revaluation of values in America that came with it. He was providing a lift to people like himself, actively engaged in an exciting social movement, aiding with his wisdom weed the development of new perspectives on the Old Order, and enabling them to keep their sense of humor about the struggle.

Now he sees nothing but selfishness and stupidity and self-indulgence; no idealism, no ideas left in the vacant shopping malls that pass for minds in many of his customers.

Still, a test? Of course it wouldn't be enforceable or anything. And it certainly would be controversial. People would accuse the Connoisseur of turning into a snob. But on the other hand, the job of the Connoisseur is to give people the kind of self-awareness necessary so they can partake of the utmost pleasure potential in whatever particular pod

they smoke. I would be abandoning my responsibility if I didn't point out that there's no point in pouring high octane fuel into a low octane engine, so to speak. In other words, a slack body, a limp mind and inactive spirit are just not equipped to experience the aesthetic ecstasies that are attainable with connoisseur-quality

So we dreamed up this fivequestion Cannabis Qualification Test, enforceable by no one but yourself, but a good guide to your fitness:

	T CO	140
Do you read at least two good books a month?		
2. Do you spend at least an hour a week thinking about the meaning of life and/or the origin of the universe?		
3. Do you run 15 miles a week regularly?		
4. Do you engage in some serious project of social activism, organ- izing or humanitarian concern?		
5. Do you realize that astrology is only for total airheads and gives a bad name to marijua- na smokers if they talk about it when high?		

If you can't answer yes to at least three of these questions, you are simply not mentally, physically or spiritually fit to smoke marijuana and you're probably giving a bad rep to qualified people who do. My advice to you is to stop smoking until you shape up. I'm writing a column for serious connoisseurs of cannabis and you just won't be able to appreciate any of the subtleties and profundities of the herb in your present state. Yes, we want to reform the marijuana laws, but we ought to take it upon ourselves to reform marijuana smokers, too.

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TINKER, TAILOR, DOPE DEALER, SPY

BY MARK SWAIN

0

HE ARREST AND TRIAL OF HOWARD MARKS, ACCUSED OF hauling an unprecedented tonnage of marijuana into Great Britain last year, touched off bright lights and alarm bells in the computers of narco police and espionage agencies in England, Ireland, Holland, Germany and the United States. After working for Great Britain's glamorous MI-6 spy service for nine years, and for the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration for nearly as long, Marks never explained in court exactly how he came to be in the vicinity of the hugest pile of raw cannabis ever to be seized in England, and the question is still as dark and grisly as his various activities in the dope-and-gun-running underworld of Europe and North and South America, and his extensive involvement with the rock 'n' roll scene over the last few years. The fact is, Marks was cut loose at the Old Bailey courthouse in London by a jury who heard the testimony of a Mexican intelligence agent, who evidently gave them privileged information to believe that Marks was moving all that weed on behalf of either the MI-6, the CIA, the DEA, Scotland Yard, or any other ultrasensitive spook outfit you can imagine. How it all came to pass makes for a thoroughly romantic—and illuminating—saga.

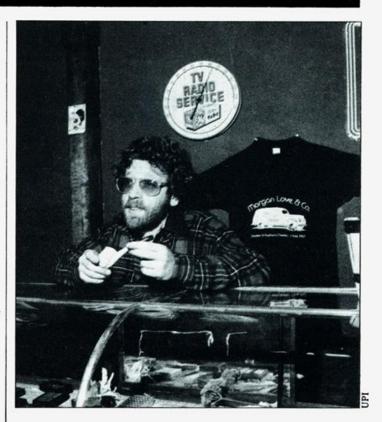






Ever meet these guy? If so, you may be in bad trouble.

OWARD MARKS WAS SURprised one day in 1972 when an old mate from his university days, back in the late '60s, dropped by Marks's little boutique, Annabelinda, in Oxford. Howard Marks at school had been rather a hell raiser, part of the artsy-litsydrugsie contingent in Swinging Oxford, while his old mate here, Hamilton Macmillan, had been decidedly of the short-haired, civil service-bound set. Withal, Macmillan had always taken a voyeur's romantic interest in the demimondaine debauchery of Marks's bunch, so in '72 it was no problem for him to get Marks rapping effus-ively about his adventures since then: running hash and continued on page 25



LONE STAR 'HEADSHOP' BILL CREATES CATCH-22 SNAFU

L

MONG THE PLETHORA OF "antiparaphernalia" laws passed in the last few years by state legislatures, the "H. Ross Perot" head-shop bill in Texas is unique. Written by neo-Right zealots specifically to tighten police control over small businesses, the new Perot law has already created as many headaches for the Texas authori-

ties as for the people on whom they've enforced it. No actual arrests for "paraphernalia possession" have yet been brought under the law, though small shops in five cities have had their inventories impound ed on the basis of its confiscation provisions—specifically in the hopes of putting the shops out of business by continued on page 26

NORML MEETS A STONE SUCCESS

WASHINGTON, D.C.

ULTRAINSPIRATIONAL! Stimulating! Sexsational! Green parrots! Great dope! Supremely motivated! were among the many acco-lades heard in the smokefilled meeting rooms at the Marriott Hotel here last December where over 300 activists gathered for the eleventh annual conference of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). Despite a fetid climate of increased repression in the standing struggle to legitimize pot usage, cultivation and exchange, veteran fighters were charged with optimism about the future. "Membership is going up for the first time in three years,' said George Farnham, the new head officer of NORML. "Seven of 11 states decriminalized with Republicans as president." Farnham is a handsome 27-year-old attorney who works for NORML full-time for \$12,000 a year "because I am outraged to be labeled a criminal because I smoke marijuana. It is a dedication to the democratic principles upon which the government was formed 200 years ago.

Top-Drawer Dope

The dealers, smokers, growers and attorneys thronged the halls all felt that, with sufficient energy and zeal, they would be able to send the reactionary potfearing troglodytes back to the lime pits by 1984. For NORML's visibility is again on the rise, partly in reaction against the threat of the radical religious right. The phenomenon of increased interest and membership is also being enjoyed by the National Organization of Women civil-liberties other groups since Ronald Reagan seized the throne. Fill-in keynote luncheon speaker Tom Rutherford, a young state senator from New Mexico, endeared himself to the convention as he espoused with wit and fire about the future of progressive politics in the United States.

"This is the largest crowd ever," he told the assembled heads, "and the best dressed. I see the designer look among us."

An authentically hip Democrat with a Buster Brown haircut, Rutherford has elected to man the ramparts in the marijuana legalization struggle rather than retreat before the powerful antidope lobby. He seriously urged



George Farnham

NORML members "to take care of the folks who can't be here, who are still having their doors broken down. Citing the back-to-the-dinosaurs road of the Reagan ad-Rutherford ministration, warned, "If they're going to unplug little old ladies' heart machines, what makes you think they're going to let people who are sick with cancer smoke marijuana to keep them from throwing up and shaking so bad they can't stand it? We can smoke our marijuana personally now. But the point is, if the laws are changed back, it will hurt the people least able to resist. NORML

spaded ground by standing up for cultivation after a decade of primarily defending the right of adults to personal use of marijuana. Among the speakers were Ukiah, Califormarijuana. nia, attorney Susan B. Jor-dan, Spencer Thompson (an East Coast coin collector) and Washington Post writer Jerry Knight who spoke on the economic influence of marijuana sale and cultivation. In the same way that Americans are being urged to buy Fords, Chevys and Oldsmobiles instead of Toyotas, potheads are encouraged to "buy American" when it comes to straightening out one's noggin. While NORML statistics put marijuana as the United States' fourth-largest crop (trailing behind corn, soybeans and wheat), doing an \$8.2-billion business, many mysterious billions of American bucks are winding up in Colombia, Mexico and other pot-exporting countries, creating an invisible balance-of-payments problem.

"The little guy can inte-

"The little guy can integrate his money back into the community," Knight said. "If all that money goes out of the country, it creates economic chaos. The Reagan administration doesn't show any particular signs of responding to this, but the economic impact of marijuana is now impossible to impact "

ble to ignore."

As most HIGH TIMES readers would surmise, NORML estimates select California as the number one producer of marijuana in the country, at \$1.5 billion a year, followed by Hawaii, Oregon and Oklahoma. "In the next phase we're going to fight for decriminalization of cultivation for personal use," said Farnham. "We stand a good chance of getting that through legislatively in some states."

While NORML members are heartened that they helped pass decrim bills in 11 states and medical-usage bills for cancer and glaucoma victims in 32 states, they now intend to press cultivation and taxation of grass as the most effective way to lobby the government. "When they finally grasp how much potential tax revenue is out there," said a NORMLite from Idaho, "they'll be throw-



Tom Rutherford

ing subsidies at us like they do the tobacco farmers."

This approach didn't sit very well with some longtime activists. "The damn corporations will take it over, the whole pot business, if they figure they can do a windfall-profit number," grumbled a bearded activist from Florida in a black leather jacket.

continued on page 24

JORGY



MARIJUANA RECESSION HITS COLOMBIA

by Antonio Huneeus

BOGOTÁ, COLOMBIA

IKE THE AUTO INDUSTRY IN ■Detroit, Colombia's dope business is currently undergoing a deep economic recession. While the decline of the marimba industry has received much attention here in the press during the past months, a recently released report from the Bank of the Republic confirmed that the dope industry in Colombia is in trouble. The economic indicator in this case is the 43.1 percent fall of the notorious 'ventanilla siniestra" of the Bank of the Republic. The name, which became a legend in Colombia, refers to the bank teller's window where huge amounts of American dollars were changed to pesos with no questions asked. \$231.9 million came through the ventanilla in the period between January and October of 1981, according to the report, highlighted in the front page of Bogotá's El Ti-empo. \$407.9 million entered the ventanilla for the same ten-month period in 1980. Simply put, the business lost \$178 million.

Colombians have known for years that most of the money listed in the report under the section "Others" refers precisely to the ventanilla's pot and coke exports. Other sections of the report are listed under legal exports, gold reserves, government services, revenues from tourism, and so on. The reasons given by the financial experts consulted by El Tiempo for the 43 percent fall of the ventanilla were remarkably sharp and to the point. "The low prices can be explained, stated the analysts, "by the poor quality of the product they have mixed marijuana with bushes), and by the competition brought by the cocaine traffic in other countries and the production of a higher-quality marijuana in the United States." Both pot and coke exports to the United States were once heavily controlled by Colombians, yet the virtual "nationalization" of the coke industry in Bolivia, and the expanding American "home-



The laissez-faire international market became a better narc than Turbay and the DEA together.

grown" pot production, contributed more to the fall of La Guajira and Santa Marta than all the military campaigns against the narcotraficantes—although these also had its impact on the recession. In the end, the laissezfaire policies of the international market became a better narc than President Turbay and the DEA together.

La ventanilla siniestra has always been the regulator of the ups and downs of the Colombian drug economy. When the dope traffic rose dramatically in the late '70s, the \$772.6 million that entered the ventanilla in 1977 represented a figure five times higher than that of 1972. On the other hand, the banking policies of the '70s, with its pragmatical free intake of dope money, eventually unbalanced the Colombian economy, creating hyperinflation and bringing a big jump up in the cost of living. During the heyday of the ma-rimba around 1977-78, for instance, the cost of living escalated 150 percent in the region of the Atlantic coast, where most of the traffic was concentrated and where there was more money to spend.

The debate over the possible legalization of marijuana once dominated the press here, yet these days it seems devoted to the decline of the narcotraficantes and the melancholy for the "good ol" days" of the bonanza marimbera. A recent article in the weekly magazine Cromos described the new "ghost town" outlook of the Guajira Peninsula with its abandoned smuggling planes in the highways and its empty ware-houses and coves. Locals would remember the times when they had four-day parties to celebrate the harvest, with enough whiskey for 2,000 people, or the night a Jesus Ochoa spent seven hours counting rolls of bills ready to be sent to Miami by one of the marimba kingpins. The exploits of a gringo were also remembered. American pilot Erick Palmer apparent-ly once dominated the peninsula with his planes, yet he and all the other biggies are gone. Some mafiosos, like Jaime Guillet from Barranquilla, are so desperate for cash that they've begun selling arms for the M-19 Marxist guerrillas, a story with the right twist that made frontpage news in Bogotá for a whole week. And so it goes.

HIGH PRAISE FOR ABBY

If YOU'VE HARBORED ANY doubts that the resurgence of reactionary attitudes about drugs, much discussed in these pages, really exists, witness the hubbub created by a recent "Dear Abby" column. Abigail Van Buren, as almost everyone knows, writes a daily column, published in thousands of newspapers, in which she advises readers on romantic and family difficulties.

When a "Concerned Mom" wrote to Abby complaining that her husband had grounded their son for calling the cops on neighbors for growing pot in their backyard, the columnist expressed reasonable doubt

BUCKING THE BACKLASH

about the virtuousness of the kid's action. The 12-year-old boy, it seems, had been given the standard public-school "educational" lecture about the heinous effects of drugs. Abby, agreeing more or less with the father, didn't think it was such a hot idea for a child to call the heat down on neighbors, described in this case as "good friends" of the family in question, without first consulting his parents.

Well, wishy-washy as

Well, wishy-washy as Abby's response may seem to most High Times readers, it was considered outrageously prodrug by the vast majority of her fans. In all, 406 people wrote in to complain that she should have defended the kid's Nazi-like behavior; and one lone soul dashed off a note to "commend" Abby's "perceptive" counsel. Even if you assume that more than half of the letters were martialed by the Moral Majority-style antidrug lobbies, that's pretty appalling.

The police, by the way,

were apparently a bit more clearheaded than most newspaper readers. When they found only two withered



plants in the neighbor's yard, they removed them but pressed no charges. Most of Abby's readers, it appears, would have strung the good neighbors up by their thumbs. If this is any indication of what proportion of Americans are ready to support such vindictive, totalitarian behavior by children, hard times indeed lie abead!

ANTIPOT BUND LAUNCHES LOBBYING BINGE

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

DEKALB FAMILIES IN Action of Decatur, Georgia, has initiated a dramatic new national letter-writing campaign to squelch a bill that would provide for the use of marijuana and marijuana derivatives as adjuncts in cancer chemotherapy. DeKalb County encourages all right-thinking Americans to send letters to the congressional sponsors of H.R. 4498— Millicent Fenwick of New Jersey,

Hamilton Fish of New York, Stewart McKinney of Connecticut and Newt Gingrich of Georgia—and express opposition to the bill by relaying prewritten questions like: "What research studies show that marijuana cigarettes are an effective antinausea drug for 80 percent of cancer chemotherapy patients? Please cite these studies."

Literature and press releases from the influential right-wing "parents" organization represent the chemo-

therapy bill as an attempt to legalize the cultivation of marijuana everywhere in the United States, and a possibly subversive ploy to draw the United States out of the U.N.'s Single Treaty Convention, which forbids the legalization of marijuana anywhere in the world. Since it would be hard to rationally explain why such political moderates as Millicent Fen-wick and Hamilton Fish should be involved in such shockingly radical activities, the DeKalb organizers assure their "families" that the bill is the result of "intensive lobbying efforts" by NORML. NORML, in parents-group propaganda, heads an international Commie-narcotics conspiracy so sly and subtle that even the likes of Millicent Fenwick can be suckered in by it.

Actually, the Fish-Fenwick bill is mainly a response to the mounting demand by the friends and physicians of cancer patients to have cannabis preparations and derivatives made legally available to people undergoing chemotherapy treatment. Chemotherapy commonly promotes dangerous and intolerable nausea in patients; cannabis and its derivatives have been proven much more effective at abolishing such nausea than Compazine, the only other standard antinausea drug, in

closely controlled chemotherapy studies undertaken by the National Cancer Institute and the State of New Mexico, among others. There are abundant cancer-clinic reports from people asserting that marijuana works better for them than Compazine, is more dependable, and easier to self-administer without undesirable side effects. But the risk and inconvenience of purchasing marijuana on the illicit market is such that scores of otherwise respectable cancer patients, not to mention hundreds of their relatives and friends, have been arrested and jailed in the at-tempt. If DeKalb Families in Action has their way, it won't get any easier.

DeKalb Families in Action was formed in 1977 with considerable assistance from the faculty at Emory University, a richly endowed conservative Methodist college in Atlanta. Yet in their lobbying literature, direct-mailed to thousands of constituents nationwide, no answers are provided for the many technical questions which respondents are asked to copy down, in their own handwriting, and mail to H.R. 4498's sponsors, as though they'd generated the questions themselves. For example: "Should a cancer chemotherapy patient die prematurely from a mari-

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Is Millie Fenwick conspiring with other Doonesbury drug terrorists to force poisoned marijuana on helpless cancer patients?

NEW YORK CITY

DR. GABRIEL NAHAS OF Columbia University here, who for over 20 years has conducted a heroic political campaign against marijuana ("Cannabis," Dr. Nahas once told the Moonie paper News World, "is the greatest plot the East has against the West"), has proven that "fat soluble" marijuana by-products do not accumulate in the brain and reproductive organs over continued periods of use.

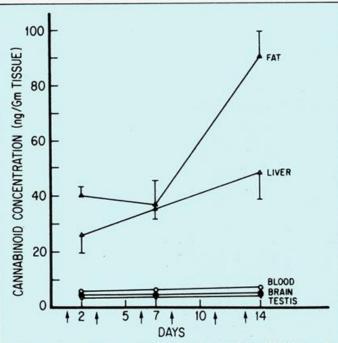
This determination necesinvalidates sarily reams of "drug education and prevention" literature that for years warned that grass end products must pile up in the brain and reproductive system, threatening mental and reproductive functions over a long term. Ironically, the original source of these shock speculations were cronies of Nahas's and the various political "antidrug" organizations with which he has been affiliated, such as the American Council on Marijuana, in Washington, and Lyndon La-Rouche's bizarre National Anti-Drug Coalition.

"Fat solubility" was the media code for the reefermadness notion that marijuana residues must accumulate messily in brain and genital tissues. The active components of grass—cannabinoids, such as delta-9 THCare known to be "lipophilic": attracted to fatty tissues in the body. Lipophilic sub-stances like THC (and certain vitamins) are very slowly released from fatty tissues. Since the brain, testicles and ovaries are largely composed of fat, it's easy to induce unsophisticated people to leap to the alarming conclusion that THC must accumulate steadily in these vital organs with continued pot smoking, remaining there for long periods of time, exerting there all sorts of toxic effects.

However, it has long been known that the body appears to naturally process and dispose of lipophilic vitamins by trapping and neutralizing them in fatty acids in the digestive system, prohibiting their access to the brain and gonadal system, where they might otherwise have toxic effects. But since cannabinoids aren't vitamins, it was speculated that they might escape this natural defense

NAHAS TO THE RESCUE:

'FAT SOLUBILITY' POT SCARE QUIETLY PUT TO SLEEP



These rats got the equivalent of the THC in 140 joints of grass regularly, for the equivalent of six months, by rodent body time. But do you see the slightest hint of a rise in those lines labeled "brain" and "testis"?

This means no, marijuana end products <u>don't</u> pile up in your brains and balls and ovaries.

system—until Dr. Nahas's paper, "Kinetics of Cannabinoid Distribution and Storage with Special Reference to Brain and Testis," appeared in the August-September 1981 issue of the Journal of Clinical Pharmacology.

Working at Columbia, in conjunction with Dr. Colette Leger at the Hospital Fernand Widel in Paris, the Nahas group shot up rats with intramuscular doses of radioactively labeled THC and measured the residual ac-

cumulations of the labeled THC in various organs, after "sacrificing" the animals at various intervals after administration. Several interesting data emerged.

For one thing, it was shown that THC hardly enters the reproductive organs at all; THC concentrations in testes and ovaries were the lowest of any body organs, barely achieving one nanogram (one-billionth of a gram) per gram of tissue, and were almost entirely eliminated

within 24 hours after a single dose. The THC concentration in the brain was only slightly higher, and was eliminated at an even more rapid rate. Most THC was trapped and neutralized in the liver and digestive system, just like vitamins.

As to accumulation of THC in the body over a period of regular ingestion, it was found that it does not accumulate in brain or reproductive tissues at all. "Cannabinoid concentration in the brain and testis . . . did not reflect any significant increase in storage in these tissues," the paper noted. "Concentrations of cannabinoids in brain and testis remained lower than that in blood and did not reflect any significant ac-cumulation of the drug in those tissues." Accumulation occurred in the liver and "neutral fat," as would be expected of any other lipophilic substance.

Considering that cannaboids like THC are indeed strongly attracted to body fat, their rapid elimination from brain tissue and their failure to enter testes and ovaries is quite remarkable. The Nahas group therefore concludes that further investigations into this phenomenon may well turn up new clues to how the body naturally protects itself from a broad variety of potentially toxic substances.

"These data illustrate the efficiency of the blood-brain barrier and the blood-testicular barrier in limiting the access and accumulation of this highly lipophilic substance into brain and testis," the researchers conclude. "The mechanisms which limit the storage of cannabinoids in these organs deserve additional investigation."

In layspeak, what this means is that no, marijuana end products don't pile up in your brain and balls and ovaries, sitting there for weeks after a single joint, snapping nerves and deforming sperm and egg cells. Drug-abuse counselors who are still saying it does these awful things should be respectfully referred to this fresh-off-thepress 1981 study conducted by Dr. Gabriel Nahas of the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University, or to the National Council on Marijuana, which provided partial support for the study.

NORML CONFERENCE **A SUCCESS**

continued from page 20

"Grass creates an antiestablishment head and that's good. I'd hate to see the stuff marketed like Winstons.'

Either way, Farnham admitted that NORML's lobbying efforts "are at a stalemate.'

"State legislatures are getting a lot of feedback from

parents who read scare studies. These days it's very difficult to get a state to even vote on a marijuana issue.'

Dr. Norman Zinberg, director of training at the department of psychiatry at Cambridge Hospital, affiliated Harvard Medical with School, let the conferees know in no uncertain terms

Old dope planes never die, they just fly away. Like this baby on a hidden landing strip in Manaure, Colombia, resting comfortably before a 12-ton run to the wilds of Idaho. Her crew call her Madame Lu, for reasons a tiny handful of wiseguys can dig.

what he thought of these scare studies.

'Most of the studies that indicate disastrous consequences engage in methods that would not pass muster in other fields," Zinberg said. "I am a former member of the council of the National Institute on Drug Abuse, and I know they've had incredible difficulty in reporting objectively the research funded by them. In their attempt to search for a constituency, they've allied themselves to the antimarijuana parents' groups."

Zinberg said marijuana is 'not nearly as toxic as alcohol. No one has died from an overdose, which is remarkable. We have 1,000 deaths a year from aspirin."

After praising the work of HIGH TIMES sordid-affairs editor Dean Latimer, and recommending it to the conferees, Dr. Zinberg went on to say that the biggest single problem the medical profession has with marijuana is 'not making the distinction between use and abuse. In the course of hysteria over any use, the few kids who are really in trouble are being ignored. The hysteria causes us

problems. Members also heard from Dorothy Whipple, an 81-yearold retired pediatrician, who teaches at Georgetown University and has written a pro-

to neglect those with the real

marijuana book: "It is not a benign substance. It can cause harm. But many people draw no distinction between use and abuse."

Whipple has urged repeatedly that children under 18 not be allowed to use marijuana, but she believes that pot-prohibition laws harmful to young people.

"The laws are failing, and that creates distrust for laws and police," she said. "Because it is illegal, the potency is not controlled. The laws also make drug education difficult, and they can make communication within the family difficult."

Perhaps the most succinct piece of wisdom came from Patrick Anderson, author of High in America, a promarijuana book, when he said, "It seems to me that if Ronald Reagan had any sense, he would legalize marijuana, balance the budget and be elected president-for-life.

"But I don't think he has that much sense.'

Conventioneers left with the memory of two superb fund-raising parties, one thrown by HIGH TIMES at a local black club, notes from the outstanding legal seminar chaired by HIGH TIMES legal columnist Michael Stepanian, and exhaustion from many all-night sessions in crowded hotel rooms. NORML's spirit is high and the struggle continues.

ANTIPOT LOBBYING BINGE

juana-induced fungus infection, will the federal government (and U.S. taxpayers) be

legally liable?

The specter of "marijuanainduced fungus infections" derives from a letter last winter to the New England Journal of Medicine, in which a Wisconsin physician reported that street samples of marijuana he'd tested were contaminated with aspergillis, a fungus common to much stored plant material. Though the fungus is dematerial. stroyed by heat during smoking, molecular amounts may inadvertently enter smoker's lungs, where ordinarily they're neutralized by the body's immune processes. Cancer patients, though, have no immune processes while undergoing chemother-

a special risk to them. (See letter, "A Fungus Amung-us?" in "Flashes," HIGH

Times, Sept. '81.) All aspergillis spores can be eliminated, though, merely by baking any grass sample thoroughly before smoking it: elementary sterilization, which can be done at home or in a clinic with no special effort or expense. DeKalb Families' academic advisers at Emory University have to be aware of this, if they're aware of an aspergillis problem at all; but this very simple solution is nowhere mentioned in their direct-mail propaganda, while the aspergillis problem is presented as flatly insurmountable.

DeKalb Families in Action is one of the very first antidope "parents groups" in the

United States. In the last five years, with guidance and aid from seasoned right-wing political organizers, over 2,000 such local groups have opened across the United States, coordinated closely by DeKalb Families and Parents for Drug-Free Youth in Florida. Ordinarily these groups pursue their specialinterest political lobbying on local and statewide levels, agitating for regional wiretapping and headshop bills, which enormously expand the powers of local and state law-enforcement agencies. This direct-mail fling at the Fish-Fenwick chemotherapy bill is the first clear sign that the antidope "parents" pha-lange is preparing to exercise its muscle in nationwide conservative-action political lob-

Being mainly hidebound conservatives, it's unlikely that many of the "parents" who enlisted themselves in DeKalb County's letter-writing campaign recognized it as a rather sleazy lobbying tactic perfected during the civilrights movement of the 1960s. In fact, the "Dragon Lady" of DeKalb Families, Sue Rusche, speaks fondly of her days as an organizer for a long-ago civil-rights outfit that, according to local attorneys who worked then with Martin Luther King's SCLC, was mainly noted for its strident criticism of "Communist infiltration" into the mainstream civil-rights movement.

Sue Rusche's husband is an economics professor Emory University. Literature from Dekalb Families in Action is available from Suite 300, 3845 North Druid Hills Rd., Decatur, GA 30033, for \$3. It's worth it.

TINKER, TAILOR, DOPE DEALER, SPY

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guns through wild Amsterdam, the wild women, this splendid wild chap he knew there, Jimmy O'Neill, who ran the Dutch cell of the Irish Republican Army

Oh bully, rejoiced Macmillan out loud. It just so happened that Hamilton Macmillan had gone civil service indeed, even unto Her Majesty's MI-6, the secret intelligence service. And would Howard Marks care to play a little James Bond for his nation and make a few bob on the side?

Biggest Brit Bust

Last winter, the winter of '81, Howard Marks walked out scot-free from under the biggest single cannabis bust in British history: 15 tons of raw African weed, nailed on British soil. And though Marks made no pretense of innocence, a jury cut him loose on the basis of his claim that he may have been running dope for Her Majesty's Secret Service and the DEA. Herein lies a tale. It's probably true!

When Macmillan of MI-6 recruited Howard Marks in 1972, Marks, then 27, was a bottom-level hash dealer and violence groupie. His friend Jimmy O'Neill of the IRA real name James McCannhad plenty of fine bloody stories to tell, too, over drinks at the American Hotel in Amsterdam, where hash and small-arms connections are routinely made. Barely a year before, Jimmy McCann had absconded out of Crumlin Road Gaol in Belfast with the classic hacksaw and sheetrope. He loved posing for admirers with his Belgian FALN semiautomatic fully akimbo, all sideburns and droll smile. Who could betray him to the Crown, and him a son of kings and princes?

So Marks became a "double agent," naturally, feeding promiscuous gossip back and forth between Jimmy McCann and the MI-6. Even though Macmillan put young Marks through all the ortho-

dox cloak-and-dagger theatrics—thrilling midnight meetings with his boss, one "Donald," at a Soho pub called the Pillars of Hercules—there was no pulling the plug on the glorious Jimmy McCann.

It came close. Just as McCann was leaving one day, in the fall of '73, for a dope appointment which Marks had arranged for him in a little West German town, Marks confessed that there would be no hashish waiting for Jimmy in Moenchengladbach, just a pack of seasoned German interrogators, accustomed to wiring Baader-Meinhof fanatics for total recall. So Jimmy McCann called off the trip; but unbeknownst to Howie Marks, he bamboozled a girl friend into making the trip in his place.

This came at a bad time for everyone except Jimmy McCann of the IRA. The MI-6 was suddenly leery about using street scum like Howard Marks for their filthy work; two of their Irish animals, the Littlejohn brothers of Dublin, had lately been nipped doing an independent bank job and were telling everyone in Crumlin Road that they were really, by Mither Mary, great bloody fookin' MI-6 spies, they was. Shitabed field agents like Hamilton Macmillan were being pressed to clap a leash on their maggots like Howard Marks.

Girl 'Interrogated'

So when Jimmy McCann's Dutch girl friend showed up at Moenchengladbach, she could tell the Deutsch electricians only that she knew McCann was IRA, and no more, no matter how persuasive they got or how many clever questions they asked, time and again. This, of course, proved to the Krauts and the MI-6 that Howard Marks had tipped off Jimmy McCann in advance. And when his sweetheart finally got back to Amsterdam, slightly the worse for the









Ever meet any of these bastard either? If so, you're probably reading this behind bars.

wear, McCann had her recite all the questions they'd been asking her. And this, of course, proved to McCann that Howard Marks had been telling MI-6 a terribly uncool lot about his own habits, activities and plans for the

So Howard Marks stuck close to his Oxford boutique all that winter. In March of 74, however, the Littlejohn brothers also broke out of jail, bloodily offed a fellow informant, and told the press they'd done it all for the good of MI-6, putting the Special Intelligence Service in a fine state of the vapors. A couple weeks later, then, neighbors of Marks observed two very large, solemn men go into Marks's flat one day and leave with him between them. The next the neighbors saw of Marks was his photo in all the papers, last winter, when he walked out of the biggest pot

Rock 'n' Roll Narc

As Marks told it in court, at exhaustingly Byzantine length—"It is rather compli-cated," remarked a woebegone juror-he was abducted by "drug dealers" in April of '74, who conveyed him all the way to Italy, for weird rea-sons of their own. But he romantically escaped their clutches, of course. The years following he spent largely in the United States; his collection of photo-booth portraits from the period show that he regularly alternated his appearance, over that time, between long-haired, doped-out hippie and well-groomed, blown-dry young pop-culture wheeler-dealer. He worked in the alternate media, in films, in video, and as roadie and manager for low-echelon rock performers like P.J. Proby. There is every evidence, in fact, that Howard Marks worked extensively in one of the DEA's more lucrative cover outfits, a bureau that arranges cross-country tours for rock acts, sucking in local dope dealers in little towns from Bangor to Biloxi to Belair. The DEA public-information guys, while denying that their agency sets up rock tours, says of Howard Marks: "The name is not unknown to

The DEA appears to have come through handsomely for Marks, after he somehow got nailed atop 15 tons of weed last summer Albion's Shore. At the last possible moment of the trial. a sinister Mexican national showed up in the Old Bailey courtroom, demanding to put on nonpublic record all the "intelligence" wonderful Howard Marks had developed about the U.S.-South American-European trade. Though the magistrate ultimately advised the jury to take this shady beaner's testimony with a grain of salt—he hadn't produced a single swatch of narc identification—the jury was by now so disoriented and bedazzled that they cut the defendant loose on all counts. Howard Marks right now is freer than many of the people reading this item in HIGH TIMES.

Howard Marks is freer now than many of the people reading this item.

American dope dealers can learn from this, of course. The CIA, though dreadfully hamstrung in recent years by FOIA and congressional oversight and all that rubbish, is afroth at the mouth nowadays to resume its former sanctity, akin to MI-6's in Great Britain. The hideous

Reagan circus is all aclamor for it, too. Consider, then, the advantages of a watertight CIA! When snagged with huge weight, all one need do is claim one was moving it for the Company. If the Company is rendered uninspectable by Reagan fiat, how should any jury believe their "offi-

cial" protestations that they never had anything to do with this horrible drug dealer?

And the Company's righteous vengeance is clearly nothing to be feared. If they can't grease away two CIA vets, Edwin Wilson and Frank Terpil, who run Qaddafi's Libya while Qaddafi sends assassination squads after the U.S. presidentthen surely you have nothing more to fear from the CIA than Jimmy McCann does from the MI-6. McCann, after all the cloak-and-dagger skulduggery, is still funneling guns and dope through Amsterdam to his psychopathic brethren in the Irish Republican Army. World without end. Amen.

TEXAS 'HEADSHOP' BILL CREATES CATCH-22

continued from page 19
prohibiting them from making any money as long as their stock is in police warehouses. As the owners fight to get their property back, however, both prosecutors and private lawyers have discovered the bill to be so bizarre in some of its ill-written provisions, and so vague in its definitions of "drug paraphernalia," that a series of caustic jokes are already passing among Lone Star courthouse circles. Here's a

typical one:

This guy walks into a hardware store and picks up a hoe. "Hey," he says to the guy behind the counter, "can this here hoe dig me a good straight row for my marijuana patch?" The guy behind the counter thinks a minute and says, "Sure, why not?" Bingo! The State of Texas v. Drug Paraphernalia Seized at Mr. Greenjeans's Farm Supply Plaza.

Another guy walks into a Cadillac display room. "Hey," he says to the auto salesman, "how many bales of marijuana do you think I could stuffin the trunk of that there El Dorado?" The salesman thinks a minute and says, "Oh, maybe five, seven..." Bingo! The State of Texas v. Drug Paraphernalia Seized at Ferguson's Cadillac.

A third guy—now get this—a third guy walks into a headshop and picks up an imported Arabian hookah. "Hey," he says to the girl arranging the display window, "does this here gimmick work better for opium or hashish?" And the girl says, "What are you, some kind of drug addict? Get your ass out of this shop or I'll call the police!"No bust.

This shaggy-dog story is the natural result of the outlandish genesis and history of the 1981 Texas "drug para-phernalia" law, bulled through the Austin legislature last year by the right-wing fanatics of millionaire H. Ross Perot's self-styled Texans' War on Drugs. Determined to get a law on the books which would give police unlimited powers of search and seizure over small commercial enterprises—and perceiving in "parapherna-ia" legislation a terrific opportunity to do so with minimal opposition—the Perot people took the scatter-gun DEA Model Drug Paraphernalia Act, tacked some miscellaneous Prohibition-era "confiscation" provisions onto it, and bullied and browbeat (and very possibly bribed) it through the state legislature. Within two months, Texas police had pulled daring daylight raids on shops in Dallas, Lubbock, Fort Worth and Austin.

Well, actually, the raids were characterized by unusual tact and discretion, for Lone Star heat. "The really distinct impression I felt of the police attitude was of total confusion," relates an eyewitness at the Gas Pipe, which has been serving Dallas for 12 years with no prior trouble at all. "The 'guidelines' they were using were so vague they were making phone calls every couple minutes about whether to take this or that. It was a circus, about 14 narcs milling around grabbing stuff off the shelves, looking at it, putting it back.... They kept asking me, 'What's this? What's this for?' I'd tell them it was a tea strainer, a frypan, a contact-lens case . .

The result was a few cop warehouses full of miscellaneous property and a load of unexpected headaches for Texas state prosecutors, who had to spend weeks of expensive time trying to put in words how a mirror and a straw and a razor blade manage to be-"contraband" when moved within a certain distance of one another. The Perot phalange was considerably heartened when a move by defense lawyers to enjoin prosecution of the law was defeated in federal district court eventually, but this event actually only further muddied the waters. For the court, in clarifying the law, clearly stipulated that in order for an object of property to legally qualify as "contraband" under the Perot law, the person in possession of the property must manifest clearly an *intention* that the object is to be used exclusively in conjunction with a "controlled substance."

Since all the property that had been seized from the shops under the Perot ordinance had been seized before this point of manifesting "intent" was clarified, defense attorneys for the enterprises concerned are fairly confident

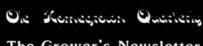
of acquittal.

"The crazy thing about this law," chuckles Dallas attorney Mike Aranson, who's defending the Gas Shop, "is that if the stuff the police seize is ruled to be 'paraphernalia' in court, there's only one thing they can do with it: auction it off to the public. They can't destroy it, under the terms of the law. If it turns out to be 'paraphernalia' it has to be resold to the

public."

This absurdity, Aranson speculates, is the simple result of the way the bill was rammed through the Austin solons. Thus, if the Texas police continue rounding up triple-beam scales, alligator clips, pocket mirrors and soap-bubble pipes in this fashion, they may eventually find themselves with a considerable storage problem; because who's going to show up at a public auction of objects which automatically become "contraband drug paraphernalia" the minute they happen to enter the possession of human beings?





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SNAKE IN THE GRASS

by Bud Bogart

For those who search the globe in pursuit of the ultimate high, there is a new kick: snake-venom smoking. Actually, the idea is not all that new, having aficonados among cultures as diverse as the Aztecs and Buddhist monks. But for the most part, snake smoking has been regarded as a ritualistic, religious endeavor, kind of a hair-shirt drug for the spartan psyches of the Believers. But remember, this is how cannabis got its start.

RANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYS

Now comes word that the entrepreneurial Taiwanese have broadened the arcane art of snake smoking into an amusing pastime. In fact, there's a "Snake Alley in Taipei, where the novitiate can have his first snake high. At only \$25 a snake, it's the bargain high of the year.

'Snake Alley" is actually Hwa Chi Chai Street off bustling downtown Taipei, a narrow passage with bars, strip joints and opium vendors. The best shops offer a variety of the slithering beasts: cobras from Thailand, coral snakes from Japan, superdeadly swamp adders from India (a country that loses 20,000 citizens a year to the loathsome speckled serpent).

The customer chooses a live snake as he would a lobster at a seafood restaurant. The snakemaster, his hands mottled with the pocks of a thousand bites, grabs the chosen repast and swings the writhing reptile onto a table. The snake is deftly bopped on the head and killed, the venom drained into a tiny cup, fangs pressed against the side. Then the snake is split open and the spleen and a couple of other vital innards removed.

The venom may be smoked by placing small drops on a blotter which is then burned in a pipe. This is the favored way among Indians. More popular by far is eating the snake's venom and innards. It is believed by many-particularly Japanese, who are the most numerous customers at the snake houses-that the snake feast is an aphrodisiac and longevity tonic. Some Japanese businessmen are known to have eaten five snakes at a sitting.

An eyewitness account explained the process as "ritualistic, like opium smoking, but the high is much different, more psychedelic and speedy-a poisonous

high, freaky, like peyote."
While the experience seems to be catching on among nomadic scene followers, it will probably be a while before snakes are available at your local dealer.

Bread and circuses...to Bonnie Adleman, from Long Island, New York, who became that state's first legal marijuana consumer, using it to combat chemo- and radiotherapy hangover. After her first few legal hits she said that she felt better than she had in weeks.

Wear your snow shoes: Where is all that toot coming from? So much coke came down the pike during the peak winter season that prices dipped, shaving under the 2-grand mark on a Z for the first time in two years. Part of the reason no doubt is the spectacular growing season that South America experienced this year, a major reason for the bumper marijuana crop last fall.

But then, too, may be the demoralized Drug Enforcement Administration, now under the scowling jowls of the FBI, chastened for poor performance. Things may be tougher from here on out, maybe not.

Viva la revolución . . . they still say in the mountains of Guerrero, where they grow the world-famous pot known as Acapulco gold. It's strange to taste the seedy, dry, fast-burning Mexican next to the big-league pots of today. Though not so strong, it still towers over the commersh breeds that were the only game in town back in the old days. It knocks down \$550 to \$800 an elbow these days, compared to about \$250 to \$400 in 1971.

Acid tracking: Oddball acid of the week: caviar—small, round spheres that resemble birdshot more than caviar, a real steep ride. This and "target" acid, blotters with concentric circles, dominate this month's acid circuit, \$3-\$5 a trip.

Acid-and-babies update: An item in this column about hippie mothers using LSD to trigger birth [Feb. '82] drew indignant harrumphs from baby fans, and a rare disclaimer from HT editorial overseers. Not to miss the point: The acid was not taken as a high, but to trigger delayed birth after the mother was in labor 20 hours. Ergot, forerunner of LSD, has been used by midwives and herbalist cultures to induce labor so far back, its origin is lost in the mists of history. Hence the acid therapy on the part of the hippie midwives. This is no endorsement, but a more elaborate explanation of a poorly phrased first attempt.

White line fever: Keep those cards coming, truckers! But don't let highway dealers put such a squeeze on: Tell them Bud Bogart says \$40 an ounce or fight.

VA	1. E. S. S. S. J.	25.5	気の記
- V	BELGIUM		
'Mersh 'lombo	rare but good	$_{ m kg}^{ m m}$	5
Congo Pot	low grade	gm kg	1000
Belgium bonzo	hardly smokeable	oz	900 50
homegrown Leb hash	snore	gm kg	5 3500
Moroccan hash	decent	gm kg	6
Black Nepalese	watch for canards	gm kg	4000 6
hash Black Afghani	King Kong hash	gm kg	4000 12
Opium LSD	fresh and dreamy	gm	8000-9000 30
Cocaine	not too hot stomped heavily	one gm	5 120
	ENGLAND		
Leb hash	blondes and reds,	oz	100
Moroccan hash	typical green slabs,	lb oz	1000 110
Paki hash	some too dry soft, spongy,	lb oz	1200 150
Cocaine	potent "Charles" to the	lb gm	1800 110
	witty English	oz	2200
	FRANCE		
Commercial Colombian	fashion designers only	oz	140
African pot	lots of shake, mediocre	oz	80-100
Leb hash	international favorite	gm	5
Afghan hash	black, strong	gm	6 7.50-12
Nepal hash Cocaine	the best heavily danced on	gm gm	150
LSD Hash oil	art blots popular at parties	one gm	7
Opium	Turkish, tasty	gm	14
	MOROCCO		
Cannabis pollen, double O powder	soft, chewy balls	Em	100
Cannabis pollen, first class	like black chewing gum	fb ^m	.50 50-75
powder Loose buds (kif)	8 inch buds,	20	1
Cocaine	like Thai sticks from Amsterdam	kilo	10 100
LSD	from West Germany, red	one	4
Amphetamines	stars, clear blots 'script Apetin	50	2.50
TH	E NETHERLA	NDS	
Commercial Colombian	nothing to write home about	gm kilo	4 2000
African buds	too seedy	gm kilo	4 2000
Blond Leb hash	bottom of the line	gm	7
Moroccan hash	dried slabs	kilo gm kilo	4000 8
Red Leb hash	fumy, colorful	gm	4500 10
Afghan hash	black, sticky,	kilo	6000 15
Cocaine	heavenly rarely pure	kilo	8000 150-200
LSD	blotter	100 gm one	10000 4-6
	DAN-12-		
Seeded redhair	PANAMA seedy but primo	oz	150
		- Land	

Blond Leb hash	bottom of the line	gm	7 4000
Moroccan hash	dried slabs	gm	8 4500
Red Leb hash	fumy, colorful	gm kilo	10 6000
Afghan hash	black, sticky, heavenly	gm kilo	15 8000
Cocaine	rarely pure	gm 100 gm	150-200 10000
LSD	blotter	one	4-6
	PANAMA		
Seeded redhair	seedy but primo	oz lb	150 1650-1750
Red sinsemilla	still seedy, but stingy & stoney	oz lb	160 1800
Panama red	rarely red, usually green-brown	oz lb	50-65 560
	PORTUGAL	ř.	
Mozambique pot	colas and banana buds	gm kilo	2 1250
Moroccan hash	'double o' hash	gm kilo	3 1500
Bolivian & Brazilian coke	direct import, potent	gm	75-100
Methaqualone	buy from pharmacy	one	.50

SAUDI ARABIA	

	ON COL MICHE	***	
Black Kashmir hash	one of the world's great hashes	gm oz	20 250
Nepalese hash	fingers only	gm oz	15-20 225-250
Pakistan hash	fresh, pressed	gm	10-15 175-200
Afghani hash	greenish black, fumy	gm	10-15 175-200
Lebanese red hash	a choker	gm	10 175-200
Cocaine	no shit, the real thing, but \$	gm	250-300
Thai sticks	great	one	25
Philippine pot	commercial grade	oz	50-75
Ups & downs	legal, kind of	100	5
Moonshine	homemade	pint	30

Area Bulletine	3		
Damariscotta, Maine	'mersh 'lombo	oz	40
Norwalk, Cal.	blue unicorn acid	one	5
Boise, Idaho	Colombian red bud	OZ	50
Denver	foot-long Mex buds	oz	60
St. Louis	homegrown sinse, respectable	oz	40
Burton, Michigan	blond leb hash	gm	7
Bronx, N.Y.	South African "Dunham" sticks	oz	70
Tucson	"Warren Beatties," sodium seco reds	one	2
Seattle	Berkeley green pyramid acid	one	4
Brownsville, Tex.	ditchweed	lb	100
San Diego	Buddha stick thai	oz	180
Akron	boot 'ludes, okay	one	3

National Ma	rket
U.S. sinsemilla	long lasting
Commercial	season trucker's speci

National Mar	ket		
U.S. sinsemilla	long lasting season	oz	110-275
Commercial	trucker's special	oz	10-40
Mexican		lb	100-435
Top-grade	that's right,	oz	60-75
Mexican	Acapulco gold	lb	475-550
Mexican	better and better	oz	100-135
sinsemilla		lb	900-1250
Jamaican	winter glut	oz	35-45
		lb	375-450
Jamaican	crackerjack	oz	70-100
sinsemilla	when around	lb	700-1000
Commercial	sparse	oz	30-40
Colombian		lb	265-350
Connoisseur	on the rebound	oz	45-55
Colombian	1200000	lb	475-600
Thai sticks	doggy	one	10-25
		oz	180-225
Loose Thai	back in earnest	oz	200-220
		lb	1950-2400
Hawaiian	fits and starts	oz	235-300
		lb	2700-3200
Moroccan hash	greenish black	oz	150-180
		lb	1600-2000
Korean Pot	that's what	oz	175
	they say	lb	2200
Lebanese hash	some past	oz	100-130
	its prime	lb	900-1450
Black Afghani	with gold seal	oz	150-200
hash		lb	1700-2300
Nepalese fingers	dreamy and	oz	175-225
	aromatic	lb	1700-2500
Paki hash	bits and pieces	oz	165
		lb	1600-1900
Hash oils	Nep honey, terrif	gm	35-65
		oz	500-1000
Psilocybin	dried,	oz	100-150
mushrooms	encapsulated	lb	1650
	wet, harder to eat	oz	17.50-25
Peyote	tough to come	oz	35-60
	by right now	lb	300-500
LSD	caviar balls,	one	2-4
V72013101	target blotter	100	150-300
Cocaine	prices creeping up	gm	110-130
		×.	325-360
		oz	2100-2700
Methaqualone	home-brewed	one	4-6

home-brewed

Methaqualone

4-6 300-500

black beauts	erratic	100	25-200
Amphetamines	crystally, potent	gm	125
Alaska			
Commercial	dry & harsh	oz	50-65

Aidona			
Commercial	dry & harsh	oz	50-65
Colombian		lb	550-650
Domestic	alarmingly	1/4 OZ	50
sinsemilla	potent	oz	200
Mexican weed	most available	oz	50-65
		lb	500-600
Mainland	B-grade here;	oz	225-300
sinsemilla	A-1 there	lb	2000-2750
Thai sticks	lots of lumber	one	20
		lb	2400-2656
Lebanese hash	often too	gm	10
	dry	oz	130-200
Cocaine	roll of the dice	gm	100-175
		oz	2000-2800
LSD	G.I. fave	one	5
		100	350-500
Methaqualone	bootkickers	one	5
		100	350

Methaqualone	bootkickers	one 100	5 350
Hawaii			
Puna buds	victim of inflation	oz lb	225-275 2200-275
Kona gold	banana-size buds	oz lb	225-275 2000-2500
Mauna Loa	short supply	oz lb	250-300 2250-3000
Maui wowie	grower stash grade; other grades less	oz lb	250-300 2700-3200
LSD Mushrooms	fresh from the lab for cheap	one	2-4 free
Cocaine	not a big mover	gm oz	75-125 2050-3000
Amphetamines	speedy relief	one	2

	VENEZUELA	١.	
Colombian 'mersh marijuana	inconsistent	oz lb	15 100
Colombian shake	by the bagful, 80% seeds	100 lbs	5000
Colombian gold	bleached green and gold	oz lb	30 150
Colombian Punta Roja	good goes to U.S.; rest is here	oz lb	25 350
Venezuelan rainbow pot	kickass fume	oz lb	20 200
Colombian coke	inferior grades mostly	gm	40
Bolivian coke	pink or white flakes, uncut	gm	55
Peruvian fish	showcase blow, uncut	gm	60-70
Coca paste	"bazooka" to the locals, best buy	gm	20
Lemmon 714's	Imported from Colombia	100	25
LSD	European, tiles, blots	one	10-15
Colombian hash	no shit, terrible	gm	20
Haitian hash	black, probably Moroccan via Jamaica	gm	25
Magic mushrooms	Andean meanies,		free

	everywhere		
	WEST GERMA	NY	
Moroccan hash	fresh	gm Ib	7 2000
Leb hash	reds, golds	gm	4 60
Afghani hash	manhole cover- size slabs	gm B	7 2000
Primo Afghani	black and beautiful	fb ^m	10 3000
Homegrown pot	getting the hang of it	fb	5 1200
LSD	very little	one	10
Cocaine	available	gm	75

HIGH TIMES welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope.

HIG POEKTIMES REFERENCE

AMPHETAMINE LOOK-ALIKES

Medical advice by David Smith, M.D.

Written by David Smith and Rick Seymour

aka: speed, uppers, alternate energy source, black beauties, pink footballs, Dexatrim, OTC, diet aids, etc.

CHARGES: Look-alikes hamper enforcement efforts against the illegal distribution of scheduled and controlled drugs and promote both indiscriminate and confused drug misuse. They can be confusing to emergency medical treatment and poison-control-center staff who are trying to provide treatment and antidotes for overdose and medical complications. In large doses, the amphetamine look-alikes can be life threatening.

NATURE AND USE: Although look-alikes, as their name implies, are made to resemble prescription amphetamine preparations, they contain no scheduled or illegal drugs. The look-alikes generally are a mixture of such nonprescription drugs as caffeine, phenylpropanolamine (a nasal decongestant and appetite suppressant) and ephedrine (a decongestant). These drugs are advertised as general performance enhancers and safe, legal means of getting high. Sales promotion is aimed at a middle-class, drug-unsophisticated, nonstreetwise population. When diverted into the street, these concoctions are sold as amphetamines, becoming drugs of deception. According to John Morgan, M.D., and Doreen Kagan, M.S., over 90 percent of street amphetamines actually contain little or no amphetamine, but are made up of the same ingredients as look-alikes.

HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES: Reactions to these drugs can include nervousness, insomnia, drowsiness, sharp rises in blood pressure and body heat, cerebral hemorrhages and temporary hypertensive episodes. Anyone used to real amphetamines would be inclined to overuse look-alikes trying to reach an amphetamine high. Real amphetamines might be mistaken for their doubles and taken to overdose. There is a danger, especially with street speed, of dangerous additives and impurities. Be aware of the potential dangers from abuse of these compounds. They represent more than consumer fraud. Finally, pushed at a young and vulnerable population, these drugs, like chocolate cigarettes, reinforce a cultural reliance on drugs that in part differentiates abuse from use.

F1RST AID PLUS: We are presenting the minimal first aid that is possible, and a description of the clinical steps that could be taken by a medical emergency room, clinic, or poison-control center. At low doses, the stimulant effects of phenylpropanolamine (PPA), ephedrine and caffeine, the

primary ingredients of the legally manufactured over-thecounter diet aids, look-alikes and street amphetamine drugs of deception, are relatively mild. The therapeutic ratio of these stimulant compounds, however, is narrow in that the dosage required to produce euphoria is very close to a toxic dose. If one takes several of these look-alikes in order to achieve a stimulant euphoria, one can also have stimulant toxicity, commonly producing acute anxiety, i.e., "being overamped." These compounds produce a good deal of physical peripheral stimulation and will produce increase in pulse rate, cardiac arrhythmia, elevated body temperature and elevation in blood pressure. With a massive overdose, these cardiac stimulant effects are potentially fatal. These require medical management, including the use of beta adrenergic blocking agents such as propanolal (Inderol), which blocks these acute stimulant effects, plus other medical life-support measures.

MASSIVE OVERDOSES: When individuals die from massive overdoses, either accidentally or in a suicide, it is usually the result of cardiac arrhythmia or hyperpyrexia (greatly elevated body temperature) and convulsions. A massive stimulant overdose represents a medical emergency and requires immediate medical attention.

STIMULANT PSYCHOSIS: If an individual uses high dosages over a long period of time, a stimulant psychosis may develop. The most extreme manifestations are characterized by paranoia with ideas of reference and auditory and visual hallucinations similar to those seen in the high dose, prolonged amphetamine or cocaine abuse. These require antipsychotic medication such as haloperidol (Haldol), drug counseling, and often short-term psychiatric hospitalization. Lower-dose dependency usually doesn't require medication, but rather drug counseling.

ACUTE ANXIETY: Simple anxiety reactions with no physical symptoms can usually be managed with reassurance and the use of a sedative compound administered by mouth, such as diazepam (Valium).

ABUSEFOLIO

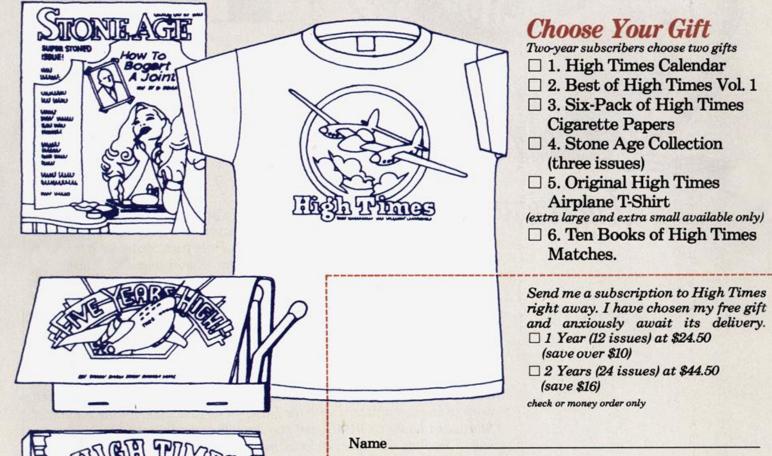
¹ Morgan, John, P., M.D., Kagan, Doreen, M.S. "Street Amphetamine Quality and the Controlled Substance Act of 1970." *Journal of Psychoactive Drugs*, Vol. 10 (4), 1978.

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DEA



Informants are not a new embarrassment to humanity. When Judas
rolled over for 40 pieces of silver, he was no doubt participating in a tradition
that was already ancient. But the federal Drug Enforcement Administration
is likely the first police organization in the history of society to base its work
completely on betrayal for pay. Seldom do we hear of a DEA case that did not
require at some point the services of a salaried snitch.

Here, then, are the words of one of the thousands of "confidential informants" the DEA employs annually to rat on people whose trust they have seemed to earn. We did not discover and uncover him; he sought us out after losing, in the space of one week, his woman, his job and his best friend as a direct result of cooperating with the DEA. A California law firm, part of the network of lawyers affiliated with the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), put him through an initial debriefing on our behalf. Checking his specific local information about DEA investigations against "independent sources," they confirmed that he was who he claimed to be. We then stashed him in a Los Angeles motel where he was interviewed in three separate sessions over the next few days.

By agreement, his name is not used here. We believe he was relatively honest with us, given that he had spent the last two and a half years lying to almost everyone, and seemed genuinely to want to come in out of the cold; so we promised to try to avoid endangering his life.

In the flesh, his qualifications as a CI ("confidential informant") were obvi-

ous: Articulate and engaging, he knew the drug and drug-enforcement worlds as well as he knew the texture of his handmade boots. Something of a chameleon, he often seemed to shift the focus of what he was saying, sometimes in mid sentence, always striving to present an outlook in harmony with the interviewer's own. And he could strike up acquaintances quickly: Within hours of checking into the motel, he had made a date with the Guatemalan desk clerk.

It was impossible not to sympathize with him, he was so remarkably frank about the dilemma he was caught in: He seemed to feel genuine resentment and remorse for what he said he had been forced to do for the DEA, and he was convinced they were pressing him into progressively more perilous operations.

After the taping sessions, he left Los Angeles, promising to remain available by telephone so that we could set up a final follow-up interview; but within days, he had moved, leaving no forwarding number. All efforts to contact him since have failed. He may be working for the narcs again, which would be awkward since our avid readers at the DEA are almost certain to identify him from his remarks here. We talked about that; he knew the risks.

HIGH TIMES: First of all, what is a CI?

DON: A CI is a confidential informant who gives information to the DEA in return for favors: either favors in the form of getting them off the hook on some type of criminal offense or in the form of money. The role of the CI is strictly to gather intelligence for the DEA on criminal activity related to drugs and drug trafficking. But that's not all they're after; they're after criminals per se, no matter what they're involved in. If you have information on drug smuggling or peddling, that's fine, but they'll take any type of information regarding criminal activity, whether it's smuggling drugs or weapons or any type of contraband, or hijacking or anything, because they'll shift that information to other federal police agencies, like the FBI or the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. Quite often, they'll trade that information for favors from the other agency.

HIGH TIMES: Is there more than one kind of CI?

DON: In the DEA's mind, there are really three general types. There are the general snitches that will drop a name or two to them; they're really not very productive. Certain others are what they consider to be professional informants, who will actually go in and set up a case for them and get the guts of the thing working before the DEA agent is ever introduced into the scene. I've done that to the point where I've had the whole case written down for them and they've followed my outline, action for action.

HIGH TIMES: What's the third category of CI?

DON: The real professional, the kind that loves his work and is compelled for some strange reason to cooperate covertly with the DEA—because of the intrigue or whatever. Most of these guys work extremely deep cover and are known to only a handful of agents throughout the country. They're privy to high-level DEA secrets, have access to case files and are highly paid and heavily protected like high-class Parisian whores. They usually know more about covert intelligence and can set a case better than the agents themselves.

HIGH TIMES: Have you worked with anyone like that?

DON: One, here in California. He's still working up north, and he's good, very good.

HIGH TIMES: How long have you been on the DEA payroll?

Don: Between two and three years.

"To the agents we're all just a bunch of whores."

trolled by the DEA agent who initially recruited him or who he initially contacted. You might be surprised to know most CIs initially contact the DEA themselves. Anyway, they like to keep their CIs on a one-to-one basis with the agent that he first talked to. You provide your information to that agent and that agent alone. After you've been recruited, if you call the office and he's not in, other agents will take a number and get ahold of him so that he can get back to you. Generally, that's the system.

HIGH TIMES: If they shift you from one part of the country to another, how do they effect the transfer?

Don: By giving you the name of an agent wherever you're going. I was shifted from an agent in the Midwest and was given the name of an agent to contact me here on the West Coast when I got here. Generally, some type of introduction will precede you. There'll be telephone conversations before you move, before the shift takes place, so that he is aware that you'll be arriving. So

you maintain that same one-to-one relationship, only with a different agent.

HIGH TIMES: How many agents have you worked with?

DON: Specifically, four.

HIGH TIMES: In four different places?

DON: In four different places. HIGH TIMES: In which places?

DON: I've worked in Tulsa; I've worked in the whole state of Alabama, where I was responsible to only one agent out of Birmingham; and then in Texas. And California. There were two agents, really, in Texas: one in Dallas and one in Houston. So I've actually worked with five, counting California. HIGH TIMES: How do they keep you from crossing over the line? Dealing on the side, I

DON: A lot of informants do that, with the unofficial approval of the agent who's working with them, while collecting huge amounts of information about their associates. But control is an individual thing. For the agents it's like working a good bird dog. You have a good relationship with one agent; he knows what you're weaknesses are. For instance, mine is I'm on probation. What keeps me from drifting over the line is that they have that hanging over me. If I do drift over and start working, as they say, both sides of the street, they can just violate

HIGH TIMES: What's your background? How did you become a CI?

DON: I was involved in the smuggling business for several years, but I was too clever to be popped. A lot of people like me rolled over for the DEA because we got greedy and it caught up with us. I would take some of the money I made smuggling, or muling, and finance projects like organized burglary and fencing, things like that. I was eventually taken down twice for organized burglary. The DEA had never been able to nail me, but they knew I'd been into smuggling. Somehow they managed to get the charges reduced to second degree burglary and possession of stolen property, and I ended up with probation without supervision. They promised me money and immunity in exchange for information on my activities and those of my associates. On the other side of the coin, if I didn't cooperate, were criminal conspiracy charges and hard time in prison with bad dudes. Later they were able to threaten me with leaks to drug people I'd dealt with, which would obviously have put me in a bad light and probably got me harmed physically.

HIGH TIMES: Tell me a little about how you worked with them. How is contact maintained?

DON: All right. The CI is generally con-



my probation and ship me off to the slam. And they're experts at controlling you financially with promises of: Okay, you don't have money for your rent or your telephone bill, we'll take care of that. And then it's always less than what they promise. In other words, it might be just enough to satisfy an immediate need, but...

HIGH TIMES: Enough to retain your dependence on them, but not enough to free you from them?

DON: Exactly. Not enough money to allow you the opportunity to make a break. There have been times when they've promised me ten thousand dollars for a case that we'd worked, and I'd wind up getting maybe a thousand dollars over a two-month period. Obviously that's going to control you financially. If you've made certain commitments, thinking you're going to get x amount of dollars, and you wind up with

"One agent said he's High sence not interesited in getting his butt shot off over some slimy coke deal."

wouldn't even ask me what. They know I know what I'm doing now, and they don't have to program me. After a while, they began to realize I don't make the kind of mistakes most CIs make. I don't go out on a limb and put them in a position where they can't make a bust.

HIGH TIMES: But they must ask you to stay within certain limits.

DON: Oh, sure. For instance, they're paranoid about meeting people in private places. They want to meet people only in public places where no dope is going to be smoked, or no coke tooted, or things like that, so they won't be put out on a limb of having witnesses see them participating in smoking or tooting or whatever. That was stressed religiously.

HIGH TIMES: Was that something they didn't want you to do, or . . .

DON: That's something *they* didn't want to be doing in front of any potential witnesses. **HIGH TIMES:** Would they do it in the absence of witnesses?

DON: Yes; and that's an unqualified yes. If they have to do it, they will do it. **HIGH TIMES:** They'll do drugs to convince

someone of their legitimacy?

DON: Sure. O-o-o-o-oh yeah! Of course, some of them just flat don't like it. They don't like smoking pot, so they just won't do it, but that's a personal judgment; it's not because of the rules. But I have never seen any federal guidelines that CIs are supposed to follow. For some reason they don't want a CI seeing those guidelines. They'd rather tell you what they are, and then let you make your own decision about what to do or what not to do. Remember, CIs don't have to follow the DEA's rules of conduct, because they are not federal officers themselves.

HIGH TIMES: Since you became a CI, have you committed crimes where the DEA has protected you from prosecution?

DON: Yes, I have.

HIGH TIMES: Have they used that as an additional tool of control?

DON: Yes, they have. They have not used it overtly against me—with the threat. But what they've actually done is: Hey, brother, we're going to do you a favor here. We know you've done this, and we know you've done

that, but we're not going to prosecute, we're not going to indict you—in return for continuing working for us.

HIGH TIMES: What kind of things are we talking about? Dealing?

DON: Dealing cocaine.

HIGH TIMES: So they knew you were making some money on the side?

DON: My agent knew it. But it's to their advantage. Once, during a short period when I wasn't doing anything for the DEA, I got popped holding a load.

HIGH TIMES: Of blow?

DON: Of blow. The arrest record was there, yet I was never prosecuted for it, I was never arraigned for it or anything. They just up and got me off the hook, period. I said, all right, I'll go ahead and work a case for you, if you'll let this slide.

HIGH TIMES: Do you have any fear of being prosecuted for drug crimes committed in the course of an investigation?

DON: In all honesty, I can't imagine them reporting me for breaking some state or local law when they've encouraged me to do that very thing.

HIGH TIMES: For instance.

DON: For instance, they were trying to set up a coke buy from a guy in Tulsa, Oklahoma. I'd been invited to a party. I called the agent at home, and I said, "Listen, I'm going to this party and these guys are gonna want me to be tootin' coke"; and he says, "Well, go ahead and do what you have to do to let them know that you're legitimate. I'll cover your ass at this end if anything's said down the line, if anything comes down in the way of a bust or anything." So that was a direct statement from an agent that I should go ahead and violate the law. I can't imagine that he'd turn around and report that.

HIGH TIMES: It sounds like the DEA uses CIs to do the illegal things agents can't do. DON: Or won't do. What you become for the agent is a surrogate. You perform the type of things that will establish legitimacy in the drug world that an agent is either afraid to do or can't do, because of the consequences that might follow. Let's face it, his career is on the line. If he starts getting a little bunch of yellow sheets in his folder saying: This would have been a righteous bust, but he went into these people's house, and in front of witnesses, he snorted up some toot or smoked a joint-that kind of thing is not good for his career. They're corporate people; they're company people. The DEA doesn't want to be caught with their pants down, having to let go of a good bust just because an agent did something that was outside the federal guidelines.

HIGH TIMES: I think some courts have been giving them a little leeway in this area lately. In your experience, how much of the undercover work is done by CIs as opposed to agents?

DON: Seventy-five percent. That's just a guess. You'd have to take that on a one-to-

ten percent of what they promised, you're going to be in some kind of financial straits. **HIGH TIMES:** How much have you been paid by them in the last year?

Don: Oh . . . at the most . . . ten thousand dollars.

HIGH TIMES: So it's a combination of threats and carefully rationed rewards. Do they watch you closely?

DON: At first they did. As time wore on, I began to get away from that, and they began to let me work cases on my own. They would give me feedback as to how they thought I should handle it, but they'd give me a tremendous amount of leeway in what I was doing.

HIGH TIMES: But their contacts were frequent at first?

Don: Very frequent, very frequent. Every day, every-other-day type thing: What's going on now? Where are you at with this? Call me tomorrow. Call me at home tonight. But, as they begin to trust you more and begin to realize you are doing what you say you're doing... they've given me a tremendous amount of freedom in what I do and where I go. For instance, here I sit in Los Angeles. If I were to call my agent and tell him I was here checking something out, he probably

one basis with the various agents. There are some agents who work deep cover, and they're actually involved with unloading boats, or transporting, or distributing. But from my experience, in what I've been doing, I actually do about seventy-five percent of the covert activity for the agent I'm working with.

HIGH TIMES: You do that proportion of the undercover work that's done on a particular case?

DON: Exactly. And all I do is report my activity to him. I don't know if he catalogs it or writes out reports about what I'm doing-I never see any. From time to time I'll sign statements that say: This activity occurred between me as an informant and the drug dealer-but it will be phrased in such a way that I didn't do anything illegal or approach anyone about a drug deal; it would be worded as if they approached me.

HIGH TIMES: Have you seen the affidavits, complaints and indictments that are filed when a bust comes down?

DON: Yes, I have.

HIGH TIMES: How closely would you say the documents that appear in court as a basis for the case resemble the facts of the investigation?

DON: You already know the answer to that. It's the difference between a fairy tale and actual life on the street. Sometimes I'm not even sure what case they're talking about on the indictment, it's turned around so badly. I'm not sure it's because of an outand-out lie or because they've been so disassociated from the covert activity that they actually have no perception of what's going on. Because, if I'm working seventy-five percent of the covert activity, how in the world can they write an indictment and make it sound anything like what actually happened? Usually they only come in on the cases I work when the actual bust comes down; they're not there for any of the rest of it.

HIGH TIMES: Do you ever have to write up reports on your activities yourself?

DON: Sometimes I do; sometimes they're written for me. The last case we worked here in California my statement was written for me, because it was a reverse thing, and they wanted to be very careful about how they approached it. They wrote it and had me go over it and give suggestions about what should be changed; so I just went through it and signed it.

HIGH TIMES: To your knowledge, do they falsify information in order to make the account of the investigation conform to what would have been legal?

DON: Yes, they do. They did particularly in this case I just mentioned. They were outside the federal guidelines on this bust.

HIGH TIMES: In what sense?

DON: Well, they told me that one of the guidelines they had to follow in a reverse was that they were supposed to go after known targets, established drug dealers. When we couldn't get to them, we settled for people who had no records-

HIGH TIMES: In other words, people they were not to be pursuing.

DON: The DEA had no information that these people were large-scale drug dealers. Yet they worded it in such a way as to turn it around to say these people approached me, the informant-that I didn't approach them. In fact, I approached these people, and they had been targeted for me by the

HIGH TIMES: This is to avoid the suggestion that the people were entrapped?

DON: Exactly. It was done for the sole purpose of avoiding the DEA rules of conduct so that they could hold onto what they seized, which was quite a lot of money.

HIGH TIMES: You'd better explain what a reverse is.

DON: Okay. A reverse is just the opposite of what you would expect a classic dope deal between undercover agents and righteous told me what the guys grabbed. What the DEA told me was a different figure, but at the time the drug dealers were telling me what they were ripped off for, I had a tendency to believe them. I couldn't prove it one way or another. It's not hermetically sealed; that money changes hands several times before it ever gets to the DEA office where it's categorized, logged and put in the evidence packet. So there's a discrepancy there of about seven thousand dollars that I can't account for, and it certainly didn't go into my pocket.

HIGH TIMES: How much is the reverse being stressed as a new tactic?

DON: It's a number one priority. For a few of us in the country that's all we work now is reverses.

HIGH TIMES: But, if I were an informant and I approached, for instance, the bartender in a Holiday Inn-after we've had

"I actually do about 75 percent of the covert activity for the agent I'm working with."

drug dealers to be. Instead of the agent buying dope, they sell it. They go in with the dope, show it, the people come in with their money to buy, and they take the money. They take the people off for their money, and keep the drugs.

HIGH TIMES: Tell me some more about this particular case.

DON: All right. This guy—we'll call him Johnson-was the primary target, the principal that they wanted to go after, and that met their federal guidelines. They couldn't get to Johnson, so they took off his front man for twenty-five thousand dollars. That's twenty-five thousand in their pocket-I'm talking about the Treasury, because, officially, that's where the money goes. Unofficially, I don't know where it goes. Actually, only eighteen thousand five hundred wound up in the Treasury. Where the rest of it went, your guess is as good as mine.

HIGH TIMES: You took twenty-five thousand dollars in this case?

DON: They did. I wasn't even there when the bust went down. I set it up, though, and I knew it from one end to the other. The people who were taken off didn't even know I was involved; they called me and

enough conversation over drinks to establish that we're both into cocaine-if I told him I knew someone who was trying to get rid of some really fine blow, what's left of a shipment, and it was going for, say, ten thousand a pound, or something ridiculous like that. He might not be a drug dealer, but he might see a way to get the cash by bringing in some friends, and he might realize he could double his savings in a month or less. In that situation, the DEA wouldn't be taking off a drug dealer, they'd be swindling a relatively innocent person out of his mon-

HIGH TIMES: Yes, but that's outside the boundaries of the federal guidelines. When I come into a situation like that, they've asked me to back off, get as many names as I can. They'll run case histories on each one of these individuals to establish that they are part of the drug world. This guy in the bar might know somebody who is a real coke dealer. They'd ask me to find out who his man is, who has the money and is actually doing the dealing. This friend of his might be just a gram dealer, but when it's finally written up, this guy was a heavy dealer: pounds. That's the way it comes off on the reports. That's their excuse for seiz-



ing his money.

HIGH TIMES: In cases that you've worked on, have they just gone for the money to the exclusion of arresting people?

DON: Yes, twice. I've worked two reverses, and both times it's been the same exact thing. They've taken the money and cut the guys loose—no criminal charges. They've left the guys high and dry with no way to explain how they lost the money to their cohorts, because there's no arrest made. So he's in trouble on both sides. If he gets nasty about it and gets a lawyer to try to get his money back, they'll just come back and indict him on a felony; and they do threaten them with that.

HIGH TIMES: Even though the felony might not stick?

DON: Even though it might not stick; but who knows? This guy doesn't know that. **HIGH TIMES:** Is the burden of proof then on

"My function as an informant is to be a bounty hunter."

who already have the drugs. If the DEA is holding the drugs and looking to sell them, they're working down toward a lower echelon.

DON: The whole purpose of this target system of the reverse is to take off as much money as they can. That's the guiding principle. They're not after the middleman. One of the guidelines they ask the informants to follow is: Don't break up a block of drugs. Tell them, "We don't want to sell it piecemeal, because that's too risky. If you can't handle it all at once, find somebody who can." So the offer looks so lucrative to the middleman that he will, in effect, go to the agent with the money.

HIGH TIMES: That's one interpretation of how it might work. But getting back to the guy in the bar, it seems just as likely that he might know a lot of people who use coke; and they might each have five to fifteen thousand dollars in savings, and they'd see that they could band together and make a bundle...



the guy who lost the money, if he tries to get it back?

DON: Yes, and the DEA knows it. The burden of proof shifts to the people who were ripped off. They have to prove that they weren't going to use that money for drugs. By that time the CI has been in there, and he's given them beaucoups of information about criminal conspiracy. They can say: Hey, what do you mean you weren't conspiring to use this money in a dope deal? We've got information that on a certain date you talked to a man about buying x amount of this, and on another date you spoke to him again and showed him the money and said, "Yeah, let's go get these drugs."

HIGH TIMES: But the DEA has established priorities to always seek higher people in the hierarchy of drug trafficking. This would seem to work in the opposite direction.

DON: It will work in whatever direction the CI wants it to, because the agent actually has no control over it. He says: Here's a target. Go get the biggest fish you can and we'll work the reverse on him.

HIGH TIMES: But, if you want to get the people who are moving big quantities of drugs, then you have to go to the people **DON:** That's perfect. The DEA would go for that in a flash.

HIGH TIMES: But these would be people who weren't ordinarily in the coke business, and were only getting into it because this government-sponsored opportunity arose.

DON: By the time the indictments were written up, those guys would be hellacious heavy coke dealers, I guarantee you—because the DEA doesn't care. By the time they write it up, those guys are controlling the West Coast.

HIGH TIMES: I rest my case. According to what you've been saying, there seems to have been a shift in DEA policy from taking bodies to taking money?

DON: The shift occurred probably six months ago. [Ed. note: This interview took place in September '81.]

HIGH TIMES: And is it just becoming entrenched as a policy now?

DON: Right. Given both alternatives, taking bodies or taking money, they're going to go for the money. In fact, it's stressed to me that they're not after bodies.

HIGH TIMES: And your job now is simply to bring off the sting?

DON: My function from now on, as an in-

formant, will be as a bounty hunter, period. If the body count stays up, fine, that's gravy; but they're primarily interested in reverses. They have a hit list of people in different areas of the country. Every local office has one. They've gotten those names over a period of time from informants back down the line, and they know who the heavy violators are. But because of the rules of entrapment and the rules of search and seizure, they haven't been able to get enough evidence to go on in and make a bust. So rather than do it that way, they're going to start working reverses on these targets.

HIGH TIMES: Is it your impression that this policy comes directly from Washington?

Don: Yes. On the two reverses that they've worked in California they've had to call back to Washington. It was so new to the West Coas' that they had to call back and talk to somebody there and get the guidelines on it as they went along. And I was told by one DEA agent that we had to hold off on one reverse, because he had to get approval for it from Washington-they weren't sure what the federal guidelines were concerning how much of a sample they could give out. So we had to hold off for a week so we could find out what the guidelines were on samples before we could go with it, and whether or not I, as an informant, could hand the sample to these people or whether an agent had to come in and hand them the sample. They had no idea what the guidelines were.

HIGH TIMES: What are they?

DON: The agent has to hand the sample to the drug dealer.

HIGH TIMES: They're not going to give a CI an attaché case full of cocaine?

DON: Not officially, they're not.

HIGH TIMES: But in practice they might?

DON: They'll trust some of us with it. They would trust me with a suitcaseload of it, but not very far, maybe around the corner; plus there'd be surveillance like you wouldn't believe.

HIGH TIMES: Well, exactly how much dope can be used for sample purposes?

DON: The guidelines on the amount of sample is so ridiculous that you'd never be able to pull down a big fish, a big drug dealer, with the kind of sample they have to limit it to. For instance, the limit on a sample of marijuana is one ounce. With cocaine it's a gram. How can you take somebody down for half a million dollars on all this pot you supposedly have stored somewhere if all you can provide him with is one ounce?

HIGH TIMES: I remember stories that contradict that, though. The DEA had an eighteen wheeler full of pot stashed in a warehouse in Miami—

DON: Ah, but now we're talking about two different things. There's a difference between showing them the weed and actually giving somebody a sample to walk with.

HIGHTIMES: I see. You mean they can flash more than that. They could take you to a warehouse full of weed and let the dealer dig his buckknife into a bale and-

DON: And check it and look at it all day long. They show as much as it takes to lure them in. But all they could let them walk away with is an ounce. But we need to get away from pot, because they're really not interested in using pot in the reverse. They're really interested in seizures of money on coke, because they feel coke dealers are going to have more money, and it's less of a hassle logistically for them to produce the quantities of coke. They're wanting to stick with heroin and coke, mainly, but they're not incapable of showing huge quantities of pot. I'm being coached, though, not to present on a reverse the fact that there's marijuana available, because of the logistics problem of storing and transporting tons of marijuana. You can imagine the paperwork in going from one state to another, going through truck scales and everything, without somebody knowing what's going on. But you can transport millions of dollars' worth of coke in the trunk of a car.

HIGH TIMES: The glove compartment, if you use the DEA's figures.

DON: The reverse is expected to be very successful with coke dealers, because there are so many people involved with cocaine now that have no concept of what they're doing. They're amateurs in a professional business. They're wanting to go after these guys who are amateurs, but who are moving large quantities of cocaine-and there are quite a few amateurs out there.

HIGH TIMES: Then the likelihood is that the DEA will be hitting the fresh-faced, lowerlevel cocaine dealers who were somehow able to put together a large amount of money, but who are not overly professional about their business?

DON: Exactly. There are professional coke dealers that I know that there's no way they could get into. We'd all get killed. And the DEA doesn't want to have anything to do with those guys. They don't intend to get their butts shot off for coke or money, because they're not going to get the money anyway; it's going into the Treasury. They want to go after the guys who are harmless and have lots of money.

HIGH TIMES: Have you heard DEA agents say that they don't want to go where there are guns?

DON: I have been told specifically by a DEA agent that he is not interested in getting his butt shot off over some slimy coke deal. He'd rather go for somebody who'll be a lot smoother to take off. They're really not interested in the mafioso-type cocaine trafficking. I don't care what they tell the press or the Congress or anybody else: These guys are not into getting killed over this. continued on next page

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From time to time, they slip up and actually get onto a coke dealer who is dangerous, or who does know people who will take them off in a flash; and when that happens, they usually move a lot slower and try to work a criminal conspiracy charge against them, rather than take them off in a simple bust. HIGH TIMES: Well, considering the amount of killing that goes on in Miami between competing coke gangs, remarkably few DEA agents get hurt.

DON: I rest my case.

GROW YOUR OWN!

HIGH TIMES: But then what you're saying is that the heavier you are, the more guns you have, the rougher you seem . .

DON: The less likely you are to get busted by the DEA or even harassed by them.

HIGH TIMES: That's a pretty strong state-

DON: Well . . . They might stick a confidential informant in there, but they're not going in themselves.

HIGH TIMES: You're saying the DEA doesn't have the same protective attitude toward the CIs as they have toward themselves.

DON: That's exactly what I'm saying.

HIGH TIMES: If they're sending you into a situation with people who are quite dangerous, are they likely to warn you of the extent of the danger?

DON: They always withhold information, and it's in their best interest to keep that type of information from you, because, personally, if I thought there was a risk of my being murdered, I'm not about to go in there. If it's not worth it to the DEA agent, why in the hell should it be worth it to me? Certainly, they're going to withhold that kind of information from me.

HIGH TIMES: What kinds of backgrounds have the DEA agents that you've been dealing with come from?

DON: Well, my experience may be unique, but all of the agents I've dealt with, those whose backgrounds I know something about, served in military intelligence in Vietnam. They were all stationed at one time or another in the Saigon or Pleiku areas. That's how they got their on-the-job training: They learned how to use operatives and how to extort, bribe, threaten and intimidate information out of people. In Pleiku, they were working Cambodians who were filtering in and out of Cambodia; and that's where they first began to discover this huge traffic in heroin that was going on, including some high-ranking military personnel with links all the way up to the presidency of South Vietnam. CIA money was being funneled in to these people with the idea of working operatives, and the operatives turned around and were smuggling heroin for the South Vietnamese.

HIGH TIMES: Do you have a sense of how they worked with the Vietnamese as opposed to how they've worked with you? DON: As far as I know, there's very little difference. That's where they learned their trade. They learned how to bribe, find out

continued on page 74



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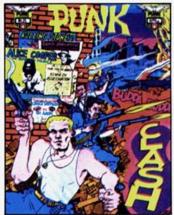
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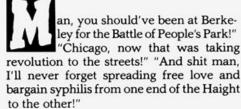
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That's all I heard growing up as a teenager. There was always some boring hippie around to remind everyone who was reaching puberty in the late '60s of what phantasmagorical groovy times they'd missed being born too late. Listening to homages to '60s dope, sex, intense intellectual conversations and really heavy times became as interesting to me as listening to someone's parents marveling over the longevity of "The Lawrence Welk Show." Hippies and Lawrence Welk: I couldn't give a fuck about either.

I knew I wasn't going to end up as a realestate broker, and at the same time I knew I'd never move to the country, commune with nature and eat dirt all day with a handful of weirdos. No, thank you, you can shove your herbal tea, ginseng roots and rabbit food up your ass. God Bless McDonald's, smog and dispassionate crowds of pedestrians pushing and shoving for a foot of space instead of living among a commune full of sincere shitheads with fat pregnant women who never wore any makeup, babbling with greasy-looking wimps about the wonders of brown rice and the order of the universe for three days instead of just asking each other if they wanted to fuck. Needless to say, I never found out what my astrological sign was, so I never got laid. Neither did a lot of kids. If you had to go through this Marx-Buddha-Krishna-Maharishi-banana-chip trip, it wasn't worth it. I'd rather save the time and jerk off to a copy of Hustler. I mean, a guy's got to have his pride. So does a chick.

That's why New York City was the only



Igemember







place for me to go. I knew the world was always going to suck. Sure there were still those talking commune, macrobiotics and fascist insects. But there were enough of us who didn't buy that shit anymore. We weren't going to get fooled again. Meet the new boss same as the old boss. Just because he had long hair or she wore embroidered peasant blouses and tried to relate didn't mean they were going to pay a cent more than the minimum wage at the checkout counter of the local health-food store.

The lull in the music scene also created a prime gap for something to happen. Glitter, the foundation for punk (the definition for kickass rock 'n' roll), had run its course. David Johansen and the New York Dolls had broken up even though Malcolm Mc-Laren had done his best to turn them into an international threat. Iggy Pop was in hiding, Lou Reed was still suffering from the commercial success of his hit single "Take a Walk on the Wild Side," and Alice Cooper was trying to become a game-show host. Platform shoes were expensive and uncomfortable. New York was ripe for sneakers and a wild, crazed, beatnik musical scene. Punk was born out of the boredom and frustration of waiting for something new to happen. "Fuck it, instead of waiting for someone else, this time let's do it ourselves!"

ock 'n' roll became exciting for me again when I first heard the Dictators, an obscure bunch of Bronx degenerates who sang songs like "Weekend" and "Two Tub Man" off an album called *Go Girl Crazy* featuring a teenage anthem: "cars, girls, surfing, beer, nothing else matters here." I knew I'd found my roots.

Though surfing was to the Bronx as miniskirts were to Iran, the humor, obnoxious arrogance and unmitigated gall grabbed me by the dirt under my fingernails and pulled Legs McNeil

me back into a world where everyone pretended they were something they weren't and made me wonder why the hell I should bother to grow up. Why not play teenager for a couple of years. Being a real teenager was such a drag, I knew the second time over we could do it right. Time travel. Extended adolescence. Why not star in our own version of "Rebel with a Snotty Nose."

I remember driving down Broadway with two high-school friends, John Holmstrom and Ged Dunn. John wanted to start a magazine. I told him that was the stupidest idea I ever heard. He wanted to produce a monthly that appealed to teenagers and every teenager at heart that drank beer, liked getting laid and felt frustrated in a world of multinational corporate mentalities. He wanted to celebrate the teenager as the master race. Bold arrogance. I was still unconvinced. "That's dumb," I kept saying, trying to imitate the Winston smoke-ring man. "Listen, Legs, if we owned a magazine, we'd get to go everywhere for free and you'd get laid." Now that made sense, but John's titles for this magazine he wanted to create were a bit boring. "Teenage News," et cetera, et cetera. I told him they sounded dumb. He said, "Okay then, what would you call it?" I thought for a minute and told him, "Punk." Not as in Lou Reed, Iggy, the }

New York Dolls or Creem magazine, but being a TV addict I'd heard the word used for a quarter of a century on every cop show, when the good guys on "Kojak," "Mannix," "Starsky and Hutch" and Malloy and Reed from "Adam 12," after a grueling chase scene, always told the juvenile delinquent or young criminal what a punk he was and how he hurt his parents so, instead of saying, "Listen, you little stupid motherfucker, we are going to kick your ass inside out when we get you back to the lockup so don't cause any more trouble, or we'll stick both nightsticks up your ass in preparation for slipping on a bar of soap at the county jail." No, they couldn't say that stuff on TV. Just, "You punk, look what you've done." Everyone in America knew what a punk was. He was the bad guy, the unrelenting young prick who made his parents cry and didn't care. He was a misunderstood killer and poet at the time. It was just an unpredictable question of when he should be feared that made him romantic. He was romanticized in every rock 'n' roll record ever made. We intended to turn around the word punk, make it palatable, even acceptable. But that proved as hard as turning the word Vietnam into a place American parents could've been proud to lose their sons in. No matter how hard we tried, punk would always be a four-letter word. It was as if we put out a magazine called "Fuck" or "Cunt." It frightened me that Kojak could use the word but we couldn't. Surely, no one was going to take us that seriously, but I was naive to the ignorance of the American press.

During the famous car ride when John asked for a title of a magazine I thought would be just another pipe dream, Ged said he would be the publisher and John said he would be the editor. I was pissed. "So what the fuck am I going to do?" I demanded.

"You can be the resident punk. Hey, Legs, you'll get all the girls you want being the first living cartoon character."

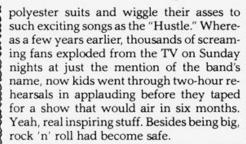
It was the most inviting prospect I ever heard. Shit, if that's all it took, I was prepared to become Archie Jughead or Charlie the Tuna. As resident punk my job was to shine as the Alfred E. Neuman of the microwave, computer-chip, potato-chip-in-a-can generation, the cartoon character of television addicts everywhere, and bring them news from the front line of rerun heaven. I became the spokesman for everyone who waited for Ronald Reagan to wash up in the lagoon at Gilligan's Island. The only philosophy we had (if you can call it a philosophy at all) is best described from the ultimate famous line in The Wild Ones, when Marlon Brando's girl friend asks Johnny/ Brando, "What are you rebelling against?" He looks at her with his sensuous, grainy black-and-whites and asks, "Whatta ya got?" That attitude drew Holstrom and me to CBGB's for the first time in late summer 1975. Patti Smith was injecting music to poetry with a back beat and already was an underground star. The Talking Heads had left some Rhode Island art school after their Etch-a-Sketch portraits of all 50 states were not taken seriously enough, and Deborah Harry and Chris Stein were living in a loft right on the Bowery past Houston and planning world conquest. We were newcomers to this mercurial beatnik scene, unfounded, unproven and unnamed. But with a lot of enthusiasm and an uncorruptible magazine that promoted the groups instead of Suzukis and stereos, we fit in fine with the help of lots of beer. I was cocky the first night I walked into the Bowery bar, getting in free for the first time in my life, saying I was a reporter for Punk magazine. Although the first issue wouldn't come out for months, the person at the door just shrugged her shoulders and let us in anyway. But my cockiness was nuked into annihilation as the Ramones hit the stage with the intensity of the Jets meeting the Sharks at the playground to knife it out. They did four songs in the course of 95 seconds, broke the strings off their guitars, slammed them down onstage in frustration and stalked off. My heart was in my mouth. It was like watching Niagara Falls from the tourist boat underneath the spray and seeing it suddenly stop pounding down over the top as if some giant hand had suddenly turned off the tap. If Ed Sullivan were alive he surely would have realized the potential. But Ed was dead and the music director for "I Dream of Jeannie," the founder and creator of the Monkees, was now hosting latenight rock 'n' roll on his show "In Concert." Don Kirschner, the man with the visual personality of a Waring blender.

I couldn't imagine Don Kirschner, the man with the visual personality of a Waring blender, electrifying the nation with live rock. No, instead the music business had discovered something more revolutionary than even elevator Muzak: a horrible menace called disco, music that invited its followers to dress up in cancer-producing ?



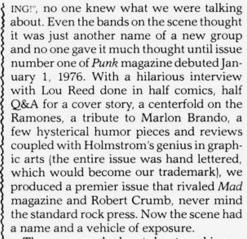
Debbie Harry offered me a blow job if I gave her some cocaine. Unfortunately, she was

kidding!



The following night I returned to CBGB's and the Talking Heads were playing. The contrast between them and the Ramones was startling. Here were three weird preppy kids dressed in La Coste shirts and corduroys singing "Psycho Killer" and "The Girls Want to Be with the Girls." The lead singer, David Byrne, looked like one of those shy, studious types from high school who, one day, after finishing his homework, hacks his family to death with a pair of K-Tel electric hedge-trimming shears. And they even had a girl in the band. She didn't sing but played bass like a stoic Barbie doll. The sound was a 180-degree turnabout from the Ramones, but they were saying the same thing. Boredom, alienation, frustration and mindless media sucked. Break the rules! In a single week at CBGB's or Max's—the only two rock clubs in New York at the time—it was possible to see Blondie, Richard Hell and the Voids, Johnny Thunders and the Heartbreakers, Television with Tom Verlaine, the Ramones, Talking Heads, Robert Gordon and a batch of other, less prominent innovators creating new forms of music that I was convinced would shake this country out of its deep slumber and force people to do something besides wait for jigglevision to get their blood flowing.

hough we at Punk magazine had plastered every brick wall and lamppost below 14th Street with posters reading, "WATCH OUT! PUNK IS COM-



BRANDO RAMONES GIRLS

There was one bad part about working on the first issue. Though our printer, Freddy Perez, was enthusiastic and supportive of our new venture, he lacked a web press at the time and the entire issue had to be folded by hand. All 5,000 copies. After these sleepless nights (a few all-night sessions) we'd return to the Punk Dump, our home and office in Hell's Kitchen (home of West Side Story), and excitedly talk about how to spend all the millions we were going to make from taking over the world with this new revolutionary magazine. The first profits would be used to have a shower installed so we wouldn't have to keep bothering friends. And I wanted the leak from the toilet above my bed fixed so I could reclaim my cubbyhole instead of sleeping on the couch. And to live on something more appetizing than liver and onions and pancake batter you mixed with water that hardened like concrete in your stomach. And the bribes would have to increase. Because it was a loft storefront with flimsy walls separating John and Ged's room and my couch, anytime someone had a girl coming over he'd have to give the other guys a dollar to go out and have a beer. I remember I received quite a few dollars but never had to pay any out. Lucky me.









A few issues later, people from Time, Newsweek, the New Yorker and a shitload of other foreign and American journalists were knocking at the Punk Dump demanding access into this newly discovered "perverse, decadent world of black leather and white noise." I'd tell them all they had to do was watch reruns of Bullwinkle, "Green Acres," and watch the Fonz (before he turned uncool and became a high-school teacher), but the press never likes simple answers so I'd make them take me out for beers and ramble about teenagers being the master race, McDonald's versus Burger King and "cars, girls, surfing and beer," and they'd all nod their heads sincerely, while writing down quick notes as if I'd said something profound.

Mostly I was drunk a lot, playing the front man for a cultural revolution that had no redeeming social value except to corrupt the vast corporate structure of the communications and entertainment industry. We made boredom a high crime punishable by a fast dose of cultural electroshock.

The first time we made a frontal attack on the heartland of the USA was to attend the First Annual International Sleaze Convention held, appropriately enough, in Wilmington, Delaware, the chemical capital of the world and a state owned by a few multinational corporations. Holmstrom and I were to be the guest stars, taking back seat to Edith Massey, better known as "Edy the Egg Lady," star of John Waters's film Pink Flamingoes and a stock member in Waters's bizarre comedies. Debbie and Chris, the late Anya Phillips, Contortions manager and film star, and Marty Thau, New York Dolls manager, bubble gum-rock promoter and general adviser to the scene, arrived the second day of the festivities, took one look around and decided they needed a drink. Since the punk scene had barely infected anyone outside of Manhattan, there wasn't yet a local punk club so we were forced to go to the local disco and tear up

the town. I made the mistake of being horny and picked up a nice-looking woman and demanded they drop me off with my newfound love at my motel room immediately. After they left me off, Debbie, Chris, Anya, Marty and Holmstrom tried and convicted me of wimping out and decided to have some fun executing the sentence. They charged into my room after finagling my room key all donned up in nylon stockings to disguise themselves and heaved bags of ice water on me just as the beautiful babe in bed was telling me how much she loved me and I was slamming into home plate. Our passionate lovemaking was temporarily cooled off. Naked, I jumped up, grabbed the closest weapons available (a belt and a chair) and chased the sexual terrorists down the hall where they giggled out of sight. I swore revenge, but how do you get back at Deborah Harry and Chris Stein? Write something mean?

Ha! Ha! Now's my chance! Unfortunately, Debbie and Chris were two of the nicest people on the scene and there is no dirt on them. Though the group Blondie in their early days had one of the worst reputations musically, Debbie and Chris hung out at CBGB's with the rest of us hoping for better days as we carefully stepped through the minefield of dogshit around the bar, wondering if any of us would move uptown. When Debbie received her first gold record a few years later I went to a party and she offered me a blow job if I gave her some cocaine. Unfortunately she was kidding!

Hanging out with the Ramones was a bit different. Actually, I spent most of my time with Joey Ramone drinking at Max's Kansas City or CBGB's and following Joey as we stumbled around the Lower East Side looking for one of his long lost girl friends. Somehow he always managed to forget her address so we'd wander around until Joey came to a familiar-looking building and we'd scream out the girl's name at the top of our lungs until the people in the tenements above emptied their trash on us. We never found the girl and ended up passing out in front of the late-night reruns. We'd wake up in the same bed fully clothed in our black leather jackets wondering who hit us over the head. Joey'd look at me first thing and disappear into the bathroom for two hours and then reappear and spend the rest of the afternoon looking for his sneakers, finding them just in time to hit the bars. It was hard to imagine that this tall, longhaired, instinctive primate who was my friend was the forerunner of a cultural movement that would shock the world and change the course of rock 'n' roll history as well as the mood of international adolescence. I mean, he couldn't even find his fucking sneakers. But I think that was the key to the Ramones' success. The Ramones made it look so simple they inspired the

Though the Ramones were undoubtedly the first wave of attack in the punk Panzer division, the Sex Pistols were readying themselves for a breakout that would rival the Nazis at the Battle of the Bulge. After Malcolm McLaren left his official title as the New York Dolls manager and general instigator, he returned to London and opened a trendy clothing store, a hangout for tomorrow's stars, whose name changed as fast as the styles, the most memorable being SEX. It was here McLaren regrouped his forces, and reviewed his tactics, all the while promoting new punk fashions, ranting and raving about the threatening appeal of the Dolls, the ever exciting rawness of inexperienced, arrogant, on-the-dole teenagers, and Richard Hell's haircut, style and warp-ten alienation. Before Malcolm could catch his breath he met a disgusting smartaleck wimp the world would come to enjoy for his musical interludes of "Two Minutes Hate" under the name of Johnny Rotten. This nasty, vile jerk with a keen mind and a whiplash tongue probably goaded Malcolm

on, never laughed at his jokes, and viciously ridiculed him for trying to find fame and fortune in America only to wind up a trendy clothing-store owner on Kings Road at a ripe old age. It's a sure bet Malcolm had met his match-this street-smart kid would never let up on him except to guzzle another beer and light a cigarette. As the legend goes, Malcolm spotted the genius of Rotten's acid contempt and auditioned him for his concept of the perfect rock 'n' roll group (perfect meaning most dangerous and threatening) and Rotten lip-synched Alice Cooper's "I'm Eighteen" on the store's jukebox and passed the audition with flying colors (hangover notwithstanding).

Inspired by Rotten, McLaren combined his instinctual understanding of the press with his knowledge of the music biz from working with the Dolls in order to cause the Scandal of the Decade. Malcolm was well aware the Sex Pistols would never get noticed unless they demanded it. He understood that prime-time airplay on the BBC was reserved for boring American disco groups. The only way to get heard would be to cause enough horrible press that the public's natural curiosity would cause them to buy a single or two. He would force it down the BBC's throats, and if they banned the Pistols, it would only prove his point. Either way he couldn't lose. With the help of London's dailies and a well-timed swearing match on national TV the Sex Pistols became a household word. Malcolm's muddled politics and Rotten's antieverything stance and rhetoric created an exciting phenomenon and sold the world a spitting, slobbering, vomiting, drunk bill of goods. Kids bought it and swallowed it whole at expensive retail price tags, and overnight everyone everywhere knew that punk was another crazy English rock 'n' roll invasion. It was no use telling anyone different. Punk was ugly kids vomiting and pissing onstage. No journalist was about to admit the New York scene had ever existed.

he more that was written about punk rock and its subculture, the less anyone knew. So why the hell should anyone care at all? Nobody did in the real nine-to-five world, but journalists sometimes run short of bad copy. It was happening, so why not write about it. Being mostly attitude and image, Malcolm's politics, the Sex Pistols' hysterics and the bad shape of England made much better copy. It had all the ingredients for a good feature: anarchy, sex, violence, discontented working-class kids, politics, and a musical blitzkrieg through the English class structure. In the good old USA it was just some pale skinny weirdos in black leather jackets. For some reason no one took "Teenage Lobotomy" as seriously as Rotten's sinister laugh at the beginning of "Anarchy in the U.K." Though it happened in both countries almost simultaneously, it would progress to something as different as day from night. Joey Ramone change the course of rock 'n' roll history? He couldn't even find his fucking sneakers.



Somehow it meant more to the press that } the English scene was founded by workingclass kids, highly visible to even the most cloistered member of the British empire (even though the sun now set on everything but the British empire). The English kids translated their frustration into a classic weapon of defiance—hair, dress and music -and went looking for anyone who disagreed with them. They were pissed off, and so were we, but we didn't want to take ourselves too seriously, because now the English were taking everything real seriously and theatening to ruin everything. But it was no longer our scene. The Sex Pistols became punk. No one remembered, no one cared. Kids with pink and shortcropped green hair emerged out of the woodwork. Armies of the night were out onthe move, slinking in Spandex with something to prove. Words like poseur, wanker, cunt and fucking hippies, fueled by fake English accents, were dripping from the blackest pale lipsticked surburban lips.

Nancy Spungeon was the extreme case: scene-maker, sometime stripper and a neighbor of ours on the West Side. She'd come by the Punk Dump once in a while, read the latest issue and listen to the latest underground singles and talk about stripping. It is most likely she learned about the Sex Pistols from the first American interview we published in issue number six. After we finished work, she'd let us take showers at her apartment and would talk about the best bet for music that evening. As word of the English scene grew, she disappeared from New York and emerged in the U.K. A hard-ass English punk rocker with a fake English accent, "Nauseating Nancy" as the English press nicknamed her, she became Sid Vicious's girl friend. Transformed by the bitterness of the English scene and riding high on her shortlived notoriety, her ultimate fate only proved just how dangerous taking yourself too seriously is.

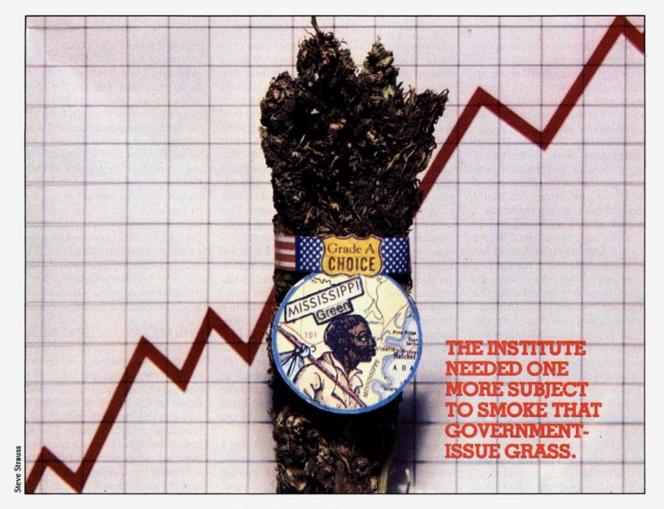
Punk was polarized then, and while the English jumped head first into the muck of politics, the American groups held onto their upbeat heavy-metal pretensions of the first English invasion. While those foreigners tried harder to loosen the shackles of an earlier generation of their own countrymen's contribution to rock 'n' roll, the Americans embraced the simplicity of that bygone era. Nationalism, for the first time in rock 'n' roll, was forcing musicians to take sides. One was middle-class fun and individual idiocy, the other working-class bitterness and a national movement. England and America were more than just an ocean apart, but the confusion was good for both teams as journalists worldwide were assigned the problem of sorting it all out. Never getting it right, the myth grew. A hell of a lot of records got sold, and after all the bullshit of tearing down the corporate structure, wasn't selling records still the bottom line? After all, no one gave them away.

It couldn't be more the opposite, as Johnny Rotten proclaimed. "We're not here for your enjoyment, you're here for ours." If anyone was giving anything away, it was the fans throwing money, cameras, full beer cans and other expensive antipersonnel weapons onto the stage during a typical concert on the American tour. Atlanta, Tulsa, San Antonio, San Francisco. It was supposed to be a tour of every place no one would ever play, in order to fuel the confusion. It worked.

As it turned out I was on assignment in L.A. for HIGH TIMES when the Sex Pistols' tour started in Atlanta and shot its way west to San Francisco. From the Sex Pistols' influence on the punk scene and final arrival in person to this country, I had wondered what the effect would be outside New York. I was curious to see for myself.

always wanted to go to California. From the time I was old enough to turn on the TV myself, I knew there was something that set old California away from the rest of the world. Everyone else went to work in the morning, the kids went to school, everyone came home and had a big fight at dinner over something totally inane, watched TV and went to bed, only to repeat the process the next day. But not in California. There Gidget went surfing instead of to school, and Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, Cleaver and Cunningham were very nice and loving and nobody had a bad drinking problem and beat up his wife. The sun always shone, the girls were voluptuous and beautiful, everyone was rich, it was paradise. I knew it was so because the television told me.

The second night in L.A. I was invited to a party on the other side of my motel. I got continued on page 75



TESTING U.S. GRADE A BY ROBERT HUFF

I GOT THE JOB THROUGH THE UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE. ALL I HAD TO DO WAS TAKE Valiums, drink vodka screwdrivers and go for rides in a driving simulator down a cartoon highway. Five dollars an hour plus bonuses was worth a little over \$300 for just six days' work. It wasn't my favorite combination of drugs—at 8:30 in the morning I felt like a suburban housewife driving her kids to school before heading to the noontime happy hour—but it beat flipping burgers.

The Southern California Research Institute (SCRI) describes itself as a nonprofit organization studying the effects of various drugs on human performance. Besides alcohol and Valium, they do studies on everything from methadone to Maalox and all combinations in between.

The first study I participated in, on the effects of Valium and alcohol on driver performance, was funded by a grant from the National Highway and Traffic Safety Administration. Often I found that the higher I got, the better I drove, proving something the California Highway Patrol has always known: If you can walk and you know where your nose is, then obviously you must be able to drive. I giggled a lot and had a tendency to drool, but I could still drive like a champ and my scores proved it.

Coming down in the lounge after the test, I had a chance to chat with my fellow subjects. Primarily students and the creatively unemployed, they were all taking part in the studies to supplement their incomes. I began to notice that some guys (all subjects were male, since women are prevented by law from taking any substance that might disturb a pregnancy) returned from the testing areas walking like zombies, their eyes as red as a third-stage smog alert. I asked one of these overbaked lab rats what drug he had taken to get that loaded.

"Pot, man, some heavy shit."

I had heard about this sort of thing years ago. On a controlled farm at the University of Mississippi [see "Interview: Carlton Turner," HIGH TIMES, Feb. '82] the National Institute on Drug Abuse had experimented with plants from all over the world until they developed a strain that could be used as a standard for marijuana research throughout the country. My taste buds were piqued. I wanted them to use some on me. I signed up.

I WAS INFORMED THAT I QUALIFIED AND WAS INVITED TO COME IN FOR A TRAINING SESsion. Doreen, one of the technicians on the study, had me read and sign an information sheet that explained the ex-

periment. There would be one training day and four treatment days, each two weeks apart. On treatment days I would show up at eight in the morning, stay for 14 hours, then come back the next morning for another 3 hours. For my time I would be paid \$5 an hour, plus up to \$20 a day if I performed well on the test. That would total over \$400 for five days' work. Immediately upon arriving in the morning, I was to provide a urine sample that would be screened for the presence of any drugs that could affect my performance during the study. I was to have had no coffee during the 10 hours prior to the test, no alcohol for 48 hours, no pot for four days, and no other drugs for two weeks before and continuing throughout the test. Four blood samples would be taken from my arm during the treatment day: one before and one immediately after smoking and two more later on. In addition, saliva samples would be taken every hour to assay the presence of THC. Trying to generate a little juice to spit into a tiny test tube while afflicted with a major case of cotton mouth was probably the most difficult part of the whole experience.

After the initial briefing, Doreen took me in to meet Don, the other technician. Don was bearded and he spoke with a comfortable drawl as he explained the testing procedures. On this training day, he told me, I would learn to do the tests and take five or six run-throughs to get the hang of them. Then the doctor would give me a little dose to see how I smoked. I stayed cool and tried not to betray my mounting anticipation.

"Hmm, is it good stuff?" I asked.

Don grinned. "Do you smoke very much?"

"Now and then."

"Well, maybe you'd better start," he said mysteriously.

I couldn't wait.

The first test was called the dividedattention task. This was really two tests performed simultaneously. With my right hand I operated a control and tried to return a moving column of orange light to the center of its tube each time the computer made it jump away. Arranged on each side of this center column on a wrap-around panel were four fields of six lighted red numbers that would randomly change every few seconds. My left hand controlled a joystick with a position corresponding to each quadrant of six numbers. The task was to constantly scan the field of lights until a number 2 appeared in one of the quadrants, then to move the joystick in that direction to turn out the light and score a point. The outer numbers on the field of lights could be seen only in my peripheral vision when I was paying attention to the center column of orange light. If I moved my eyes to look for the numbers, I would neglect the center column and lose points. Hence the name divided attention: I'm trying to watch a bouncing column of light while searching among 24 glowing numbers for a 2. As Don explained it, the task is an "easily quantifiable test of reaction time and motor responses that are similar to those used in driving a car." Like steering and tuning the radio and looking for cops all at the same time. It made sense to be doing this test stoned.

Actually it was quite similar to playing a computer video game. As you may know, stoned people do that every day. I didn't see how this was going to prove anything new. I thought they could have saved a lot of money just by hanging around an arcade for a few hours on Saturday night.

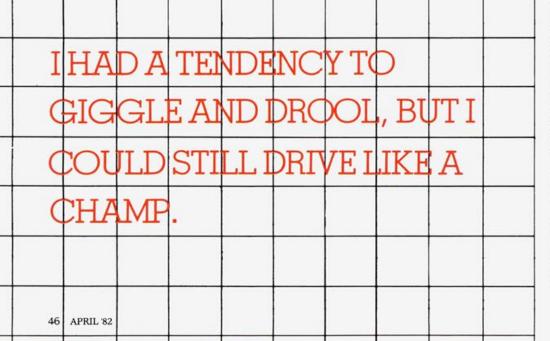
Scoring for this test was based on response time, the number of errors, and a mean average for keeping the orange light from bouncing. Large racks of computers and recorders behind me spewed out paper tapes and printouts with the data I was giving them. I began to notice that the machines would make a specific sound every time a 2 was thrown up onto the field. Even though I wore headphones feeding me white noise to mask this telltale sign, I was still able to sense when a 2 would be com-

ing up. I would stare blankly at the center column of light and allow my eyes to glaze over until I saw no detail—only a gray blur. As the numbers changed they created small flashes in my peripheral vision. I learned to ignore these flashes until they were accompanied by that subliminal sound that meant a 2 was on the field. Then I merely had to focus my eyes where I saw the flash, check the 2, and flip the joystick to that quadrant. With this scam I began racking up phenomenally high scores and big bonuses. I got into fantasies that I was a jet fighter pilot scanning for and firing on targets. Sitting in my mechanical chair, leaning forward into a chin rest with my head full of white noise and government pot would become a potent and involving fantasy. Don would kid me afterwards about the explosion noises I made every time I scored a "kill."

THE SECOND TEST ADMINISTERED used a different apparatus. I was placed in a large double-walled isolation box and seated in a straight-backed chair. With the door closed, all the outside noises and computer drone of the lab were effectively screened out, leaving me with only the sound of my heartbeat and breathing. The sudden solitude was disturbing. Don's voice came on over a loudspeaker and indicated the microphone on the table in front of me. He said if I got into any trouble he would hear me moan and come get me. This connection with the outside comforted me and eased the shock of silence.

I sat facing a single blue horizontal line across the screen of a Hewlett Packard oscilloscope. My right arm rested on the table and controlled a vertical resistance joystick that moved the blue line up and down on the TV screen. The test was called the critical tracking task. The idea was to keep the blue line centered on the screen while the computer played games with me. The line would begin to drift toward the top of the screen and I was to apply downward pressure on the controller to bring it back to center. Points were accrued by keeping the line motionless in the center for as long as possible. This game sounded easy as explained to me, but there were some inherently infuriating quirks to the test. If the blue line were allowed to go off the top or bottom of the screen, the game was over and the computer cycled back for another try. As the line strayed further from center, greater pressure had to be applied to the joystick to keep it from blipping off the screen. Even if a save could be made, the increased downward pressure on the joystick might cause the line to swing through the center of the screen and then out the bottom before I could catch it.

There were 11 tries in each run of the test and each try was programmed differently. Sometimes I could easily control the game for up to 30 seconds before it began to get out of hand. Even then it was possible to make spectacular saves and bring the line back to the controlled center. Other times,



the slightest lapse of concentration would leave me staring at a blank screen. Often the game was over before it ever started.

There was no way to cheat this game. It demanded full concentration and was the test I most looked forward to. When I was high I could focus my attention on the thin blue line, anticipate the slightest perceptible movement and apply a breath's pressure on the stick to correct it. The idea of the critical tracking task is to measure eye-hand coordination and response behavior under conditions of sustained concentration.

The series of testing would become an exhausting routine. Each set began precisely on the hour and ran for about 30 minutes. After that I had to go spit into the test tube or have my blood drawn. The hourly ritual went on from 9 A.M. to 1 P.M., when lunch was served. After lunch the tests would be run every two hours, the final set starting at nine o'clock at night. But on the first day we stopped at noon. I was to have lunch, and then the doctor would give me a test dose. At lunch I bolted my food. I couldn't wait to get started.

Don came in just as I was finishing my pastrami sandwich. "Bad news," he said. "Looks like the doc isn't gonna make it in to roll today. He got tied up."

I was disappointed. It would be another two weeks before I would get to taste bureaucratic boo. They paid me cash for my time and sent me home, dejected but still expectant and eager to do my part for science.

While waiting the two anxious weeks for my first treatment session, I observed the ban on all prescription and illicit drugs. On the morning of the first test day I ran through a groggy predose set of tests as a control and delivered up samples of my various body fluids for analysis. Finally the nurse escorted me to the doctor's office to get dosed.

DR. SATANAND SHARMA, THE MAN who keeps the locked refrigerator full of G.I. grass, is a psychologist specializing in human engineering. Since 1972, Dr. Sharma has published or copublished at least ten reports of research findings on drugs and says he has dosed at least 3,000 subjects with marijuana. He appeared busy yet eager to make me feel calm and explained the smoking procedures. He told me subjects occasionally feel dizzy or nauseous after smoking and that I shouldn't feel compelled to go ahead with the testing right away if I didn't want to. In no case, he told me, would the dose be over 300 micrograms per kilogram of body weight-the equivalent of about two joints.

He sifted some marijuana out of a large jar and machine-rolled a joint nearly six inches long and of pencil thickness. As he twisted the ends he explained that the extra length allowed him to roll the material loosely so it would burn steadily. The nurse sat next to me holding a number of test tubes, the apparatus for the postdose blood draw. Dr. Sharma clipped the ends of the I SOON REALIZED MY

NOSTALGIA FOR

HALLUCINATIONS WAS

GOING TO BE INDULGED.

joint and inserted it into a straight glass tube. The tube allowed the controlled consumption of the joint down to its very end. He handed me his watch and explained the smoking procedure. I had to inhale continuously for 10 seconds, hold it in for 15 seconds, then exhale slowly for 10 seconds. I had ten minutes to finish the joint without stopping.

I found the rigorous smoking regimen impossible to maintain. I was slightly short of breath due to bad smog conditions and occasionally had trouble with coughing after inhaling. After smoking about half a joint the smoke began coming much more freely and I was beginning to have the first subjective sensations of getting high. It hit me suddenly. I grinned and said something unintelligible. Some internal monologue that slipped out. Embarrassed, I commented that I felt unusual. The doctor said it was just the setting that was unusual and if I were sitting at home smoking with friends and passing the joint, I wouldn't be nearly as conscious of how high I was getting. My mind began to race about and I had a tendency to drift momentarily and forget to smoke. I began to get nervous about finishing the joint in the prescribed time, and I had touches of paranoia about getting kicked out of the program for being a lightweight. Sensing my nervousness, the doctor went back and sat behind his desk to read. Occasionally when I drifted off a bit and forgot to smoke, he would cough pointedly and tap his fingers on the desk to prod me. I began to mix the smoke I was taking in with air to avoid coughing. I also let short bursts of smoke out through my nose and held smoke in my mouth to moderate the irritation. Smoking the last half inch was an ordeal. I was running two minutes overtime, the doctor was getting impatient and I was already toasted well beyond my normal levels of indulgence. The roach went fast. A few heroic puffs and it burned out at the tube. The doc was satisfied and I was relieved.

The nurse took my pulse again. Before

smoking my pulse rate had been 80 beats per minute. Immediately after smoking it had increased to 120 beats per minute—disco tempo. She took a second blood draw. Earlier she had had some problem finding a willing vein; now my inherent nervousness compounded as she poked my arm and mumbled about my recalcitrant veins. Dr. Sharma asked me how I felt. I said that I was very high, that words were failing me, but that otherwise I thought I was okay.

Walking back to the lab, I kept my eyes down and tried to avoid giggling. The doctor delivered me to Don for the dividedattention task and told him to keep an eye on me because I seemed pretty cooked. I forced myself into the steel-backed chair and put my headphones on. I had to work hard to remember what I was supposed to be doing. My technique for beating the divided-attention task required me to be able to hear the machine throw out a 2 in spite of the masking effect of the white noise. But now the white noise sounded like a thick surf echo and the telltale computer sounds were transformed into a distant electric guitar clanging rhythmically against a backup chorus of funky crickets. I ignored my ears and relied on a visual search to rack up points. I wanted to do well, but it was hopeless. For the first time in years I was too high.

THE FIRST FIVE OR SIX TIMES I smoked something called Acapulco gold back in the '60s, I remember being entranced by wonderful cartoonlike hallucinations. Due either to a diminished sensitivity on my part or a decline in the quality of available stash, I hadn't seen those life cartoons in many years. I soon realized my nostalgic affection for marijuana visuals was going to be indulged. As I leaned forward into the chin rest, I saw a strong shaft of sunlight stream over my shoulders, washing the flat black apparatus in a hot glare. Suddenly I was looking at an outdoor blacktop basketball court much like the

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Gerry was the ultimate con artist and he was working the consummate scam. You take one giant Peruvian rock, six baggies of lactose, a mirror, some sleight of hand, a squadron of shills and a mark named Stringy. It was a perfect ploy-only Stringy had a sting up his sleeve.

ave you ever toured the Harding Dam in Boulder, Colorado? Have you ever caught that old Errol Flynn movie about the life of Lord Bolingbroke, the man who restored the Stuarts to the British throne and overran half of France but who "couldn't conquer the queen he didn't dare to love," a real classic, also starring Basil Rathbone and Olivia deHavilland? Have you?

Of course you haven't-which shows what a difference a single line of coke can make.

If it weren't for the coke, the blow-off wouldn't have come hot, and things would have been very, very different.

Just how different, you don't realize. You can't realize, in fact.

But take my work for it, baby-I can.

One little mistake...

I was running, faster than I had ever run in my life, and as I ran, those words kept ringing through my head, louder than the pounding of my heart or the breath rasping in my throat: one little mistake...that was what the losers always said, the gonif's stupid enough to get caught, that was what they'd whine as the handcuffs closed over their wrists and the boys in blue dragged them away . . . it's not fair, just one little mistake . . . it's not fair . . . But I wasn't a loser, I was tough and smart, I wasn't like them... One little mistake...

I was running through the warehouse district and the cops were right behind me, and not all that far behind me either, in hot pursuit as they say on TV, following the trail of blood I was laying down drop by drop. I could hear their footsteps clattering in staccato nonrhythm back there, harbingers of more hot pursuit to come. And they were going to catch me this time. This time they were going to get me-the certainty of that sat in a cold lump in my stomach, and made my legs feel cold and slow, so slow. I'd made my one little mistake, and now I was going to pay for it; boy, was I going to pay, my whole life was going down the toilet and it wasn't fair . .

I choked back a laugh that sounded more like a sob.

Behind me, the footsteps were abruptly halved. Tiny hairs crackled on the nape of my neck. I knew without looking that one of the cops was falling into the regulation crouch while his buddy ran far and to the side. Now he would be holding his gun twohanded and leveling it at me. I tried to zigzag, do some broken-field running, but let's face it, fear drives you forward, not to the side. Maybe my path wobbled a bit; you couldn't really call it evasive action.

I felt the bullet sizzle by, inches from my

head, an instantaneous fraction of a second before I heard it. The time lag would have been subliminal to anyone who wasn't hyper on adrenaline and fear. There was a ping as the bullet ricocheted off a brick wall far down the street, and I went into panic mode, pure scrambling terror. Otherwise I'd have known better than to duck into a side alley without checking for exits first.

It was a cul-de-sac.

Belgian block paving stone, a few ripe heaps of garbage, a rusted automobile muffler or three. And dead ahead, the blank back wall of a warehouse. No doors, no windows, no exits.

I skidded to a stop, and gaped idiotically. What now, wiseass?

The cops rounded the corner behind me. Galvanized, like a corpse jolted into motion by electrodes, I started running again, blindly, straight at the wall.

There was no place to go...

n hour before, I had been trying to sell four kilos of lactose for a hundred thousand dollars. Listen—I had a hell of a nut. My overhead included rent and furnishings for the big store (actually the second floor of an old warehouse converted into a loft apartment), a thousand each for the

shills, ten percent of the take for the manager, and thirty-five percent for the roper. These things add up.

Stringy—the mark—was a joy to burn, though. He was a pimp and I never have liked those suckers. Cheap and lazy grifters, the batch of them.

"It's been stepped on *once*," I said. "Very lightly. And that's only because I prefer it that way. Know what I mean?"

Stringy nodded sagely. The roper, James Whittcombe Harris—better known in some circles as Jimmy the Wit—grinned a trifle too eagerly. In the background half a dozen post hippie types wandered about, putting Grateful Dead albums on the sound system, rolling joints, discussing the Cosmic All, and doing all those beautiful things that made the '60s die so hard. "I know what you mean, Brother Man," Stringy said meaningfully. Jimmy the Wit snickered in anticipation.

"Jerry's got the best stuff on the Coast," Jimmy the Wit said. "He smuggles it in himself."

"That so?"

I smiled modestly. "I had help. But I'll admit to being pleased with this particular scam. We set up a front office—religious wholesalers—with calling cards, stationery, the whole riff. And we brought the load in inside of a batch of wooden madonnas. You should have seen the things! The absolute, and I mean *ne plus ultra* worst examples of native folk art these tired old eyes have ever seen. The cheeks were painted orange." I shuddered theatrically.

"When we uncrated the things—man, you should've been there. We took a hatchet and split them up the crotch, and all this wonderful white powder tumbled out of the stomachs."

We shared appreciative laughter. Somewhere in the background, a shill put on the Sgt. Pepper album. Somebody else lit a stick of patchouli incense.

Sheila chose that moment to send up the steerer. Good timing is what makes a manager, and Sheila was the best. The steerer was a blue jeans and Pink Floyd T-shirt type. He tapped me on the shoulder, said, "Hey Jerry, I'm cutting out now."

"Yeah, well. That's cool, man." I threw Stringy a raised eyebrow, a sort of lookitthe-jerks-I-gotta-put-up-with look. Easing him carefully onto my side. Blue Jeans shifted uncomfortably.

"Uh. You promised to deal me a couple of ki's."

"Oh. Right." I called over my shoulder, "Hey, Sheila, honey, bring me the basket, willya?" Then I looked at the steerer as if he were something unpleasant. "That's sixty gee," I said doubtfully.

"Got it right here." He pulled out a wad of money that was eye-popping if you didn't know that all the middle bills were ones. I negligently accepted it, and traded it to Sheila for a large Andean wicker hamper she fetched from the dark recesses of the loft. If Sheila had no talent at all, I'd still stick her in the background during a play. She stands six-three and weighs about half what you'd swear was humanly possible. She always, even indoors at midnight, wears sunglasses. Creepy. Most people make her out to be a junkie.

"Thanks, sweet." I stuck the top of the hamper under my arm. "Count the money and put it somewhere, willya?" She riffled through it, said, "Sixty," in a startingly deep voice and faded back into obscurity.

I rummaged through the hamper, came up with two brown bags. Then I weighed them judiciously, one in each hand, and dropped one back in. The other I opened to reveal a Zip-loc plastic bag crammed to the gills with white powder.

WE SPLIT OPEN THE WOODEN
MADONNAS, RIGHT
UP THE CROTCH,
AND ALL THIS
WONDERFUL WHITE
POWDER TUMBLED
OUT.

"You want a taste?" My voice said he didn't.

"Naw, I'm on the air in an hour. No time to get wasted."

"Ciao, then." Meaning: Get lost.

"Ciao."

The steerer left, taking his midnight-doper pallor with him. I was playing Stringy against a roomful of very pale honkies. The only dark face in the joint was his. Which helped put him on the defensive, raised the fear of appearing to be...not cool in front of all these white folk.

At the same time, I was busily snubbing them *all*, and yet being very warm toward him. Treating him as a fellow sophisticate. Getting him to *identify* with me. It helps create trust.

"Hey, I like your basket, man."

"Yeah?" My voice was pleased. "I got it in S.A. Be going back there as soon as I unload the last"—I glanced in the basket—"eight ki's. If you like, I could mail you a couple."

"You do that. How much'd you say they cost?"

"Empty or full?" We all laughed at this.
"No, seriously, I'd be glad to. No charge."
Stringy was pleased. "What can I say? I

like your style, too."

"Hey, man," Jimmy interjected. "How about that blow, huh? I got me plans for a very heav-ee date!" Nobody laughed.

"Sure, sure," I said distastefully. He scrabbled inside his pockets for his wad.

"No hurry," I said. He thrust the roll at my face, and I let it fall into my lap.

"Fifty thousand," he said. "That's two ki's for me, 'cause I'm going in with my brother here."

Jimmy the Wit can be a very likeable guy. And when Stringy met him, that's what he was. But once the mark has been roped in, a major part of the roper's job is transferring the mark's respect from himself to the inside man. He quietly makes himself unpleasant, and fosters the feeling in the mark that the roper is not really deserving of the great deal that is going down. Not at all a cool person like the inside man. So the mark's loyalties shift. Then, when the blowoff comes, the moment in which the mark is separated from his money and from the inside man, the mark has no desire whatever to stay in the presence of the roper. There is a clean, quiet parting of the ways.

I looked down at the money, picked it up, let it drop. "I really shouldn't be doing this," I said sadly. "I half-promised a friend that I'd hold out six ki's for him."

Jimmy the Wit looked stricken. Stringy didn't say anything, but his face got very still, and there was a hungry look in his eyes.

Figure it this way: Coke sells for maybe a hundred dollars a gram. At that rate, Stringy's four ki's would be worth four hundred thousand dollars at what the police call "street prices." Now admittedly, Stringy is not going to be selling his coke in four thousand single-gram transactions, so he's not going to get anywhere near that much for it. Still, I've strongly implied that the stuff is at least eighty percent pure. Which means that he can step on it lightly and get another ki. Or he can step on it heavy and practically double the weight. Which he was likely to do, since his customers were all inner-city and doubtless had never had pure anything in their lives. There's profit in the business, never doubt it.

"Hey, look, man," Jimmy whined. "You promised."

"I didn't say I wouldn't do it," I said, annoyed. "It's just—" I called over my shoulder, "Hey, Sheila!" She materialized by my side.

"Yes?" she said in that unsettlingly deep voice.

"How long do you think it'll take Deke to come up with the money?"

"Two weeks."

"That long?" I asked.

"Easily." She paused, then added, "You know how he is."

I sighed, and dismissed her with a wave of my hand. Thought for a moment. "What the hell. I'll give him a good deal on the next batch."

Everyone relaxed. Stringy let out a deep breath, the first real indication he'd given as to how deeply hooked he was. Smiles all around.

I sorted through the hamper, carefully choosing six bags and laying them on the coffee table we were seated around. They made an impressive pile.

I took up a coke mirror from the edge of the table, and wiped it clean against my sleeve. Popping open a bag at random, I spooned out a small mound of lactose. Enough for three generous snorts. Following which, I began chopping it up with a goldplated razor blade. Ritual is very important in these matters. Stringy and Jimmy the Wit were hanging on to my every move.

"Hey." I paused midway through the chopping. "I've got an idea." I put the blade down and reached for a small brass box. "As long as we're doing this, I want you guys to sample something. It's kind of special." I looked at Stringy as I said this, implying that the offer was really-secretly-for

I opened the box and carefully lifted out the rock.

Stringy's eyes grew large and liquid, as I lifted the rock up before me, holding it as though it were the Eucharist.

He was staring at a single crystal of cocaine, net weight over one full ounce. It's an extremely rare and valuable commodity. Not for the price it would bring (two thousand dollars "street price"), but the status. I paid dearly for that crystal; a lot more than two thousand. But the effect was worth it. Stringy positively lusted after it. He was hooked.

Gingerly, delicately, I shaved three more lines from the rock and set it back in the box. I resumed chopping, keeping the mound of lactose and the mound of coke carefully separate. "Some jerk offered me twenty thousand for this the other day," I said. "I told him to go fuck himself. He had no appreciation of the beauty of it. This is pure magic, friend. And you can't buy magic, you know what I mean?"

Stringy nodded in a worldly fashion. I finished chopping, and began to lay out the lines with wide sweeps of the razor blade. I'd separate the mounds into three lines each, then merge two and divide them again. I shifted minute quantities back and forth, evening up the amounts. My hand flew gracefully over the mirror, shifting the lines to and fro like a circus grifter shuffling walnut shells under one of which resides a small green pea. Pretty soon you had to be paying very close attention to know which line came from which mound.

Sheila's voice broke in suddenly. "Mind if I borrow the rock?" I grunted assent without looking up. She faded back into the gloom, taking box and rock with her. Stringly swiveled to watch it go. He'd have been less than human if he hadn't.

I took advantage of his distraction to shift two or three of the lines. After a bit more fussing, I presented the mirror. On it were two groups of three lines each.

"There," I said. "This"-I tapped the ra-

zorblade next to the first group-"is from the stuff you're buying. And this"-tapping next to the second group—"is from the rock. I suggest you try the merchandise first, so that you can judge it without synergistic effects." Everyone seemed amenable to the

I looked down at the money Jimmy the Wit had dumped in my lap. "Damn, Jimmy, these are all old bills. Either of you guys got-"

Stringy pulled out a leather bill holder from inside his jacket, and suavely slid a single crisp and spotless thousand dollar bill from what was obviously a matched set of a hundred. My expression communicated approval, and he happily rolled it into a snorter.

HE WAS STARING AT THE ROCK, A SINGLE ONE-OUNCE CRYSTAL OF COCAINE. "THIS IS PURE MAGIC, FRIENDS. AND YOU CAN'T BUY MAGIC."

I held the mirror up to Stringy, and with a gracious smile he did up the first line, half in one nostril and half in the other. Jimmy the Wit was all impatience, and as soon as Stringy had half-shut his eyes and leaned back his head in appreciation, Jimmy snatched the rolled-up bill from his hands. He leaned far forward and did up his line in a single snort. I followed suit. Then all three of us let out small laughs of appreciation.

Very niiiice!" Stringy said. "In fact"-he handed the leather billfold with its hundred-grand cargo to me with a flourish—"I'd go so far as to say, keep the billfold."

"Sheila," I said quietly. She was there. I handed her Jimmy's wad and Stringy's money. She riffled through Jimmy's first.

"Fifty," she said. Then she riffled through Stringy's money, every bit as quickly, but with a great deal more care.

"Ninety-nine." She faded far back. To the kitchen, in fact, where there was a switch to a signal light in the next building.

"Well," I said. "That was pleasant." I was playing with the empty billfold, admiring it absently. "What say we do up the rest?" No argument.

Of course, Jimmy and I had snorted up

lactose while Stringy was inhaling pure Peruvian toot. When I juggled the lines, I laid out the blow in the first, fourth and sixth places. Which meant that Stringy, being the first to sample each group, snorted up powder from the rock. It also meant that the last line-ostensibly for me-was also real coke. And there's where I made my one little mistake.

The play as written was that in handling the mirror I would bumble and spill the last line all across the rug. What happened was that I got greedy. Coke'll do that to you.

I did up the line.

It was just as the rush was hitting me that Sheila's signal was answered. There was a vicious pounding on the door, and then a crash as the whole damn thing came splintering off its hinges. Men in blue uniforms, carrying guns, spilled into the room. "Awright, nobody move!" one of them yelled.

I was riding on a great wave of clean energy when it happened, and it threw off my timing. I lurched forward a split second late, and then everything happened at

Stringy jumped to his feet, looking wildly for an exit.

I fell across the coffee table, scattering bags of white powder with gleeful abandon.

One of the shills screamed. Another shouted, "Let's get outta here!" "Blue Jay Way" was playing in the background.

Clouds of white rose from the table as Zip-loc bags burst open. There was a gun-

Jimmy the Wit grabbed Stringy by the arm and pointed toward a rear window, which led to a fire escape.

The shills ran about frantically.

And Sheila turned the lights out, plunging the room into darkness.

For the next three minutes, we all acted out our parts. Then, when she was certain that Jimmy the Wit had led Stringy safely out of the neighborhood, Sheila turned the lights on again.

Everyone stopped what they were doing. The "police" holstered their guns. The shills straightened up their clothes. And I swiped at the lactose powder on my knees.

Then they all lined up to get paid.

"Good show," I told Sheila, as we left.
"Damned good."

"Yeah. Drop you someplace?"

"Naw. I feel like taking a stroll."

When she was gone, I murmured "damned good" to myself again, and started walking. I was feeling fine. There was a time when they said there were only three big cons: the wire, the rag and the payoff. The rock was my own invention, and I was extremely pleased with how well it was working out.

So I strolled along, whistling, following the path I knew Jimmy the Wit would lead the pimp along. This was the final part of my job, to make sure the button hadn't come hot, that the roper had gotten away from the mark clean, and without attracting any

attention from the police. But it was pure routine, for I knew, deep in my bones, that the button hadn't come hot. I could feel it.

So I was stunned when I rounded a corner and saw Jimmy the Wit and Stringy in the arms of the law. There were five cops around a stricken-looking Jimmy and an extremely pissed Stringy.

That's when I realized what a mistake it had been to do up that single, innocuous line of coke. Because Stringy was looking mad because the cops were *laughing* at him. After all, he was holding a hundred-G bagful of what they had just spot-analyzed as milk sugar.

I realized all in a flash that I was in big trouble. A fraction of a second too late in scattering the bags. Stringy had been able to shove one of them under his arm before fleeing. If I'd been on cue, when the cops nabbed him for suspicious running—which is a crime in some of our larger metropolises—we'd have still gotten away clean. He'd have never realized that he'd been burned.

Even at that, if Jimmy the Wit had been looking my way when I rounded the corner, he'd have managed to distract Stringy while I eased out of sight. But there's just no arguing with a losing streak. Stringy lashed an indignant finger at me and yelled, "There he is! He's the burn artist that ripped me off!"

I bolted. Behind me, one of the police yelled, "Stop or I'll shoot!" and there was the sharp sound of a bullet hitting the edge of the building inches to my side. A fragment of brick went flying and cut an evil gash in my upper arm. The pain struck me with all the force of a fist in the ribs.

I stumbled and fell to my knees, recovered, stood, and ran.

The cops ran after me.

They chased me through the warehouse district and into a cul-de-sac.

o place to go-

The smooth wall of the warehouse loomed up in front of me, and it might just as well have been Mount Everest.

Dead end, you dumb schmuck, I shrieked silently at myself, dead end! My mind gave up at that point, but my legs had developed a will of their own; they wanted to run, so run they did—I imagined them whirring around in huge blurred circles like the legs of cartoon characters, biting into the dirt, sending me sizzling forward like a rocket. Feets, don't fail me now!

I hurtled toward the wall. Even if I'd wanted to, I couldn't have stopped in time.

Behind me, I could hear an ominous double click as one of the cops cocked his gun for another shot.

Some distanced part of my mind made me put my hands up in front of me at the last moment to absorb some of the impact.

There was no impact.

I went right through the wall.

here was no impact, but there was sudden darkness. The world disappeared. I think I screamed. For a moment or two all was madness and confusion, and then, without having broken stride, I began to

lose momentum, my running steps coming slower and slower, as though I were in a film that was being shifted into slow motion, as though I were trying to run through molasses. The resistance I was moving against increased, and just at that point where all my forward momentum had been spilled and I was slowing to a stop, there was a slight tugging sensation, like a soap bubble popping, light burst upon me, and I could see again.

THE COPS WERE
LAUGHING AT
STRINGY HOLDING
A HUNDRED-G
BAGFUL OF WHAT
THEY SPOTANALYZED AS MILK
SUGAR.

I was standing in a room.

Someone's living room, it looked like—an antiquarian's perhaps, a man of quiet tastes and substantial means. There was a Bokhara carpet in scarlet and brown. A large, glassed-in bookcase filled with thick and dusty leather-bound volumes. A browning globe on a gleaming brass stand. A highboy with decanters and cut-glass goblets arranged on it. In the middle of everything, about ten feet away from me, was a massive mahogany desk, obviously an antique, with charts carelessly scattered across it and, behind the desk, a tall-backed overstuffed chair-of the type you see in movies that take place in British clubs-with someone sitting in it.

The walls and ceiling of the room were featureless and gray, although it was hard to tell what they were made of—they seemed oily somehow, as if there were a faint film over them that would occasionally, almost subliminally, shimmer. There were no doors or windows that I could see. The quickest of head turns told me that another blank wall was only a step or two behind me. There was no sign of or sound from the police, who should also have been only a step or two behind me.

I thought my disorientation was complete until I took a closer look in at the man in the chair and saw that it was Stringy.

"Jerry, my man!" Stringy said jovially.
"You have been a baaad boy." He smiled at me over a brandy snifter half filled with some amber-colored fluid.

For the first time in my life, I was at a loss for words.

I opened my mouth, closed it again, like a fish breathing water. My thoughts scurried in a dozen different directions at once. The first thought was that I was dead or in a coma—one of those goddamn cops had shot me, blown me away, and somewhere back there—wherever "there" was, wherever here was—I was lying dead or dying in the street, crazed thoughts whirling through my cooling mind like the goosed scurryings of autumn leaves in the wind. Or, less dramatically, I had somehow hallucinated everything that had happened since snorting up that fateful line of coke. The little boy fell out of bed and woke up. It had all been a dream!

Screw that. A con man doesn't last long once he starts conning himself; an ability to face reality is *de rigueur* in this trade. I could feel the sweat cooling under my arms, could smell the sour reek of my own fear. The bullet graze on my upper arm throbbed. I had a *bitch* of a headache. No, whatever was happening—it was real.

I didn't like the way Stringy was looking at me.

"You burned me, Jerry," he said. "Jerry you shouldn't have burned me." He sounded regretful, almost wistful.

Then, slowly, he smiled.

My balls started to retract.

"Hey, man," I said, licking at my lips. "I didn't—I don't know what's—"

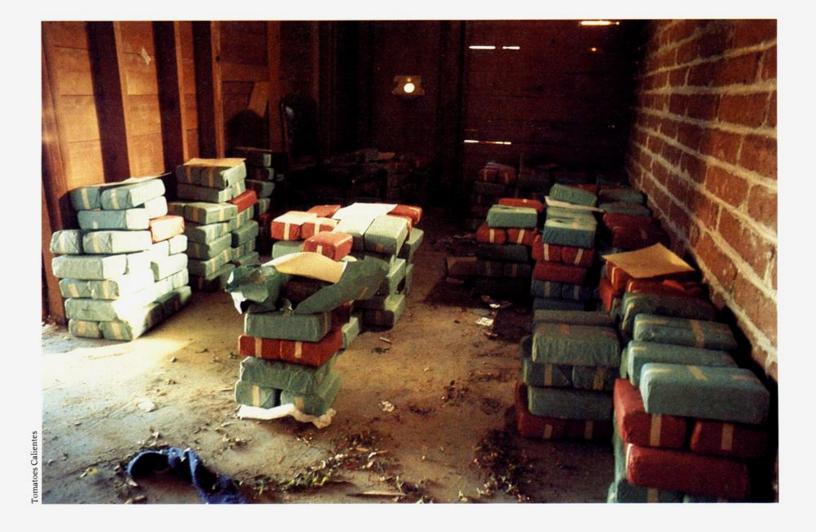
"Oh, cut it out," Stringy said impatiently. "Don't bother working your way through Injured Innocence, tape 5-A. You burned me, and I know you burned me, and you are going to pay for it, never doubt it." He smiled his glacial sliver of a smile again, thin enough to slice bread, and for the first time in years I began to regret that it wasn't my style to carry a piece. Was Stringy packing a gun or a knife? Macho man is not my style either-I'll run, given a choice-but the thought flickered through my mind that I'd better jump him quick, before he pulled some kind of weapon; even if I couldn't overpower him, maybe I could go over or around or through him and find some way out of here-

I spread my hands wide in a weakly conciliatory gesture, at the same time kicking out with my legs and hurling myself at Stringy, thinking punch him in the throat, people don't expect that...

Stringy touched something on the desk top, almost negligently, and I stopped.

I just stopped, like a fly trapped in amber. If I'd needed something to confirm that something very weird was going down here, that would have been plenty.

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COMMODITIES IN TRANSIT

Look quick. This stuff does not sit still in one place for very long at this stage of the game. Within ten minutes, the first vanload of movers will back up to the warehouse door. The driver will show the half of his \$20 bill with the serial number matching the half of the wholesaler's \$20 bill, and then about a third of this Colombian will be carted out of here. Within another ten minutes, another third of it will be gone. And, finally, there'll be a grand melee of penny-ante ki dealers all over the place, squabbling and bitching and showing each other their big wads of cold cash and playing macho games and threatening to dime on each other and kidnap each other's old ladies for ransom.

Y'know, this business is getting exactly like the record industry.





HE FIGURE of the sleeper ceased all movement. An absolute and total stillness descended upon the room and the sleeper alike. The sleeper found that still unexplained twilight world of flickering images that fill the mysterious arena that we know as dreams and night-mares...

Suddenly the forest is no longer beautiful. The day seems to darken and an ominous brooding hangs in the air. The woman quickens her pace down the narrow trail. Loud noises crash through the underbrush, looming huge and menacing. Panicked, she runs headlong, on and on, gasping, legs leaden. For miles and miles. The sounds seem to grow nearer and nearer. Suddenly the trail drops out from under her feet and she falls, endlessly falling... until she hits bottom. The woman stands, shaken, bruised. Suddenly, it stands over her. Uncontrollably, she screams. At the sound, it starts toward her. Still screaming, she turns and runs again, forcing an aching, bruised body on, running wildly over the meadows, the sounds still coming behind her. Finally, she sees the house, only a little further. She reaches the door, grabs, pulls, finds the keys in her pockets, turns them. Finally, she slams the door behind her and leans wearily, shaking, against it. It seems as if she stands there forever, not knowing what to do next.

She hears the sound of breaking glass from the other end of the house. My God, it's at the back door. She looks around frantically. Then, she races up the stairs and into the bedroom, slamming and locking the door behind her. She runs to the window and looks out. No escape. Then, she stands trembling and paralyzed by the bed as she listens to the sound of it slowly moving through the house... and to the stairs ... and then step by step, up. Until she knows it stands outside the door...

Nightmare

You wake up suddenly, hands convulsing, arms rigid, body drenched in sweat. Then you say relax, it was only a dream. Only a bad dream. Ward Damio uncovers the truth behind nightmares.

by Ward Damio

Until 1950, sleep was an area of Human knowledge little known to scientific research. The use of the electroencephalograph (EEG) shed light on an area that had previously been kept locked within the dark rooms of human knowledge. Now we know that how much we sleep does not affect our life expectancy; that lack of sleep does not give us rings under our eyes and lines in our face; that many happy and energetic people sleep less than four hours a night. We know that every single night we pass through at least five different types of sleep. We know that in the course of an evening we are alternately paralyzed, our breathing and blood pressure increased dramatically; and that we have several sexual arousals.

Sleep is a part of what is called a natural circadian rhythm in our state of consciousness, which is dependent upon the monoaminergic systems of the brain stem. In mammals, sleep follows the characteristic pattern known as the basic sleep cycle, which is characterized by the presence of rapid eye movement (REM sleep) and by the absence of such movements (NREM



FROM FREUD TO FLAGELLA

"Teach opium-eating! Did I reveal the mystery of sleeping?" —Thomas deQuincey

Animals dream. Anyone with a dog or cat or stable of ponies knows that animals dream, and anyway, electroencephalograms from sleeping mammals of all species show the same passages and sequences of dream and nondream that show up from sleeping humans. Birds dream too. Clams probably dream. Imagine the dreams of a duckbilled platypus.

This does not seem to have occurred to Dr. Sigmund Freud when he laid down *The Interpretation of Dreams*. Does an elk have archetypal oedipal conflicts to work out in sleep? When walruses dream of water, is that a sign of sexual frustration? Is a dream fish for an otter a phallic or yonic symbol? Dreams for Freud were allegorical problems presented for discussion and analysis, intellectual exercises almost. Was he dead wrong in this, and Carl Jung by logical extension absolutely *meshugah*?

If the PBS technicians who produce the special effects for "Cosmos" and "Nova" were to depict the three-dimensional human brain in sleep, it'd be awfully pretty. As sleep set in, electrical activity in the orbital frontal cortex and the base brain would tone down to ochre shadow, while the limbic region between them kindled prettily, glowing and sparkling from chartreuse to cerise. As REM dreaming sleep set in, beautiful strobing arcs of energy would fly from the limbic system to the forebrain, illuminating it with a pale, flickering fox-fire incandescence, brightened sporadically by lurid neon influxes of deep limbic input. From the base brain, at the nethermost regions of sexual and alimentary being, intermittent pulses of dark opalescent sense flux would be drawn into the limbic process, and projected into the "preconscious" forebrain like photo images into a holographic

This is full dream, where you're raping and butchering your parents and the Baby Jesus, committing suicide six different ways, smothering in excrement, fucking crocodiles and falling through eternities of space with horrible black shapes soaring after you. This is where you become a panicked electrical blip in a strobing Pong game that lasts forever and forever. And this is where, at the last possible picosecond, your entire mind discorporates like a flock of birds spooked suddenly out of a tree by a hawk, and you're just not there anymore for a while, until REM sets in again.

The astonishing thing is that sometimes we can remember these dreams, prompted

by hypnosis or drugs or crazed religiousconversion experiences. Memory, as far as neurologists can tell, is a function of brain centers between limbic and forebrain. How then should the horrible claustrophobic sex-and-digestion images generated from the dream-enkindled base brain leave such sharp impressions in us, to be conjured up by hypnosis and drugs and religion? It's called "retrograde input," and it suggests that human experience is considerably more complicated than an orderly, easily mappable progression of bioelectric impulses proceeding down one-way nerve conduits.

Which rescues Freud and Jung and the idea of the interpretation of dreams. Certainly the images and emotions we experience during sleep are generated fundamentally by random, arbitrary changes in our blood pressure, breathing rate, peristaltic action, body temperature, production of glandular endogenous steroids, and the random sounds and smells of our bedchambers. Those erotic dreams which so provoke certain of us, leaving a foul taste in our minds for hours after awakeningomne anima post coitum triste est-have lots more to do with our bladders being typically full just before awakening than with how many pedophilic older relatives we had about us in our developmental years. But lookee, did your full bladder last night conjure you up a homo or a hetero pornonightmare? Were you subjecting your favorite movie star to strained, agonizing bondage torment, or were you the subject of it yourself? Though this matinal condition of physical rut may be wholly absurd and arbitrary, your subconscious interpretation of it can tell you volumes about who you are and where you're at on any given morning.

Dreams, then, are themselves interpretations of events even more awful and wonderful than dreams. Imagine the dream of a Madagascan lemur, soaring free-fall through the treetops, one eye intensely interested in the next clingable branch, the other cocked upward in trepidation for the giant black birds with molten eyes and killer talons. We were all lemurs once. Imagine the dream of a lemur of the *opposite sex* from your sex now.

Imagine the dream of a clam. We were all clams once, and all those dreams are still there, within us and retrievable.

Imagine the dream of a snail. Of a polyp. Of a spirochete. A virus.

Imagine the dream of God.

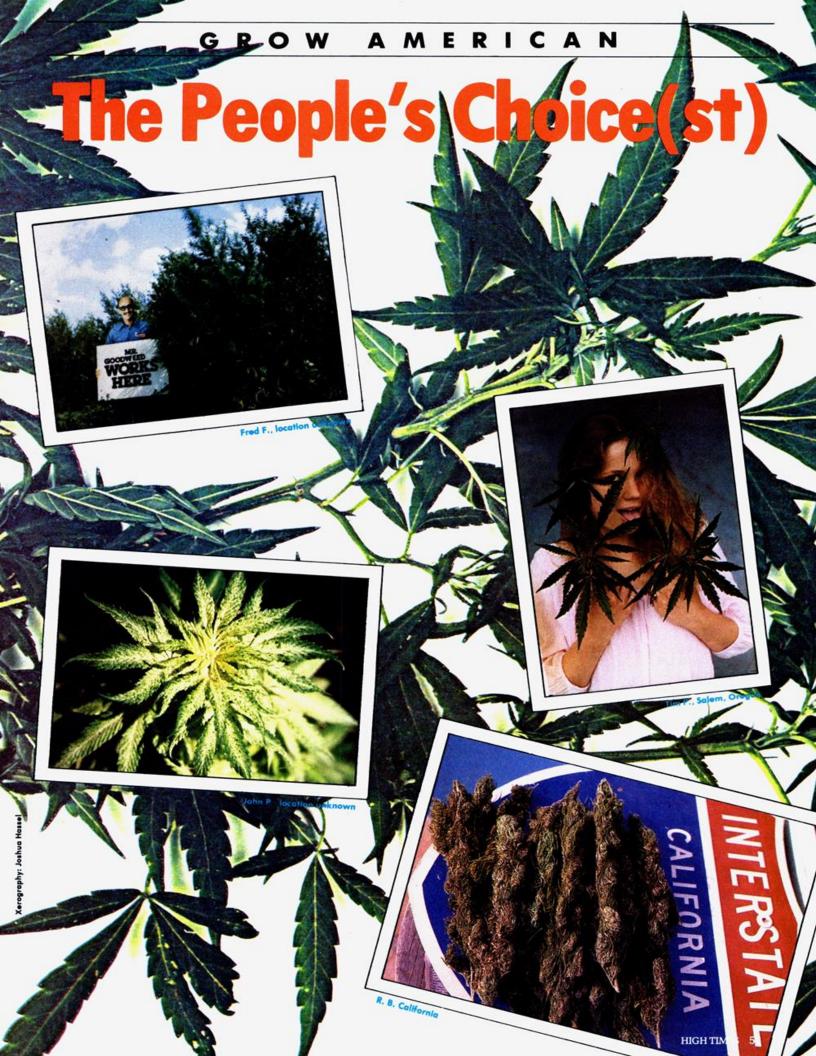
-Dean Latimer

sleep). In human NREM sleep, the brain is relatively quiet and the body is alert and conscious. In REM sleep, the brain is extremely active and rapid eye movements occur, but skeletal muscles are inhibited and areflexic. In a normal sleep pattern, there is a regular alternation between REM and NREM sleep. Each alternation lasts from 70 to 120 minutes, averaging about 90 minutes, and is repeated four to six times during a night's sleep.

In an average sleep cycle, an individual spends a few minutes in the highest phase of sleep, the "half-awake, half-asleep" phase (stage one), before reaching the "medium" kind of sleep (stage two). Later, the subject passes into the deep sleep phases (stages three and four) and then gradually eases into REM sleep. Stages three and four are thought to be the most restorative and recuperative sleep periods. The relative time spent by an average young adult in each of the stages of one cycle may be divided roughly as follows: 5 percent in stage one NREM, 50 percent in stage two NREM, 20 percent in stages three and four NREM, and 25 percent in the REM stage. The REM period of the first cycle is usually the shortest, lasting no more than five minutes; it may even be absent. The later REM periods may last from 30 to 60 minutes. Most NREM sleep occurs during the first third of a night's sleep while most REM sleep takes place during the last third. When awakened during REM sleep, four out of five individuals will describe a vivid, active dream colored by much imagery and some fantasies. In one sense, REM sleep is the deepest state of sleep; it is more difficult to awaken a sleeping individual from REM sleep than from any of the NREM sleep stages. Frightening nightmare attacks such as feelings of suffocation and overwhelming terror occur, surprisingly, during NREM sleep stage four, not during REM sleep. These phenomena are not thought to be manifestations of dreams.

A NIGHTMARE IS A TROUBLED DREAM—BUT of much greater intensity—characterized by an abrupt awakening. Researchers have divided nightmares roughly into two categories: REM and NREM. In the first category is the reactive nightmare, which clearly seems to be based upon profound disturbances in the daily life of the sleeper. A sense of loss or grief or uncontrollable fear gives rise to related troubled dreams that recur. Another type of nightmare in this first category is the spontaneous nightmare characterized by sudden, fear-filled images with no apparent correlation to the sleeper's waking life. The second category of nightmare, the horrors or night terrors, occur in the deepest stage of NREM sleep and are characterized by a profound sense of horror or terror which is not accompanied by sounds, sights or images, nor is it connected to waking life or the suppressed wishes or feelings of the sleeper.

continued on page 103



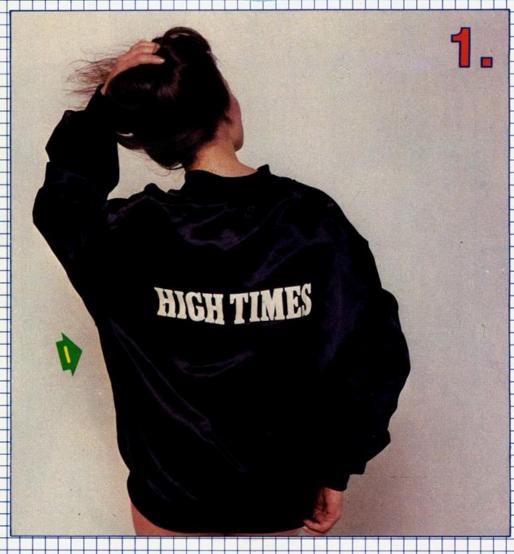




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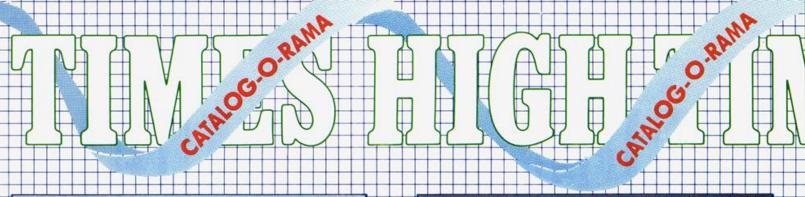
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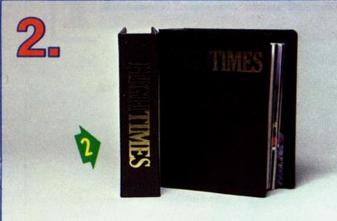
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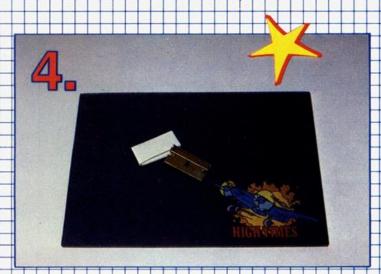
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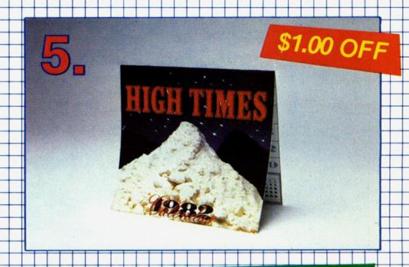














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VIN MARIANI



Popes, presidents, potentates, priests, performers and paupers all adored Vin Mariani coca wine. There would have been no fin de siècle without it.

BY CHARLES VERMEULEN-WINDSANT AND DEAN LATIMER

The Marvelous Elixir of Monsieur Mariani

"Nothing is more French, more distinctly giving character to soil and race, than this Gallic liqueur whose golden flow, mixed with the warm aroma of tropical vegetations, constitutes an I-don't-know-what perfume of elegance, nobility, chivalry and fragrance. I have no doubt that the Coca plant is of American origin; but the specimens are to be seen in Neuilly, where Monsieur Mariani cultivates them under glass." —Emile Gautier

mile Gautier, gentleman adventurer of the vast African territories of the French empire in the 1890s, left a certified connoisseur's estimation of Vin Tonique Mariani a la Coca du Perou. There was a surprising felicity in the taste and tonic effect of M. Mariani's Parisian decoction, considering that it really wasn't a particularly distinguished wine to begin with, and it really contained an astonishingly tiny proportion of coca extract. The wine was a strictly commercial red Bordeaux, collected from miscellaneous châteaus along the Garonne by the firm of Henry Clausel of that city, blended in vats, and bottled by Angelo Mariani in Neuilly with no regard for aging at all. And there were only 80 grams of coca extract per liter of Vin Mariani, or one-tenth of a grain of cocaine per bottle, offering a smaller dose of aggregate cocaine per serving than would tickle the nose of a modern-day rock star into a respectable sneeze.

Nevertheless, M. Gautier piled crates of Vin Mariani onto the backs of camels and Arabs for his grand trans-Saharan expeditions, and it fortified him wonderfully on his strenuous three-year exploration of fabulous Madagascar. In this way Vin Mariani in fact gained global approval and commendation, everywhere from Morocco to Melanesia. His Eminence Cardinal Armand Lavigerie, whose missionary order of Peres Blanche furnished the Holy Gospel to the most outlandish places on the planet, warmly testified, "Vin Mariani gives my White Fathers, sons of Europe, the courage and strength to civilize Africa and Asia." Maj. Jean-Baptiste Marchand was propelled by Mariani's coca wine up the Congo River over the Mountains of the Moon to the equatorial Sudan, where he fought off hordes of fanatic dervishes and fuzzy-wuzzies. And Vin Mariani was integral to the opening of fabulous Madagascar for gentleman adventurers like M.

Gautier in the first place. Recalled the (normally teetotaling) leader of the French expeditionary forces, of a critical campaign against the cannibal guerrillas of Queen Ranavalona III:

The soldiers under my command, about to face the stronghold of Ki-Thuong, were inundated by a torrential storm. Drenched to the skin and in a pitiable condition, several cases of "Vin Mariani" were quickly distributed. I, a water drinker, also partook of this precious cordial. We were refreshed, and before morning carried the stronghold, though vigorously resisted by the pirates.

So exquisite and invigorating was Vin Mariani, in fact, that it was one of the exceedingly few European appurtenances cherished equally by imperialists and the imperialized. "The Europeans bring good and bad things to Asia," philosophized Crown Prince Iukanthor of Cambodia personally to Angelo Mariani: "His Majesty King Norodom, my father, finds that among the very best is your wine." The emperor of Abyssinia, Menelik, first tasted Vin Mariani on his deathbed right at the turn of the century; and directly he got up and walked, and kept a flask of this Franco-Peruvian tonic to hand continually until his death in 1913. In Egypt, the personal physician to the Khedive Ismail in Cairo, a Dr. Voronoff, allows that this beverage was a godsend to the very fellahin of the Nile:

In this debilitating country of Egypt, where half the year the temperature is higher than that of the human body, where the most robust organism becomes exhausted and aenemic, "Vin Mariani" produces vigor and health. It is the exquisite tonic adopted by our princes, and is the strengthening tonic which enables our laborious fellahs to resist.



verywhere the French went, then, there also went Vin Tonique Mariani a la Coca du Perou, working wonders. And it worked wonders along the Champs Elysées, wherefrom all this vigorous exploration, evangelism, colonialization and mercantilizing was shrewdly guided and governed. "I will tell the secret of the exceptional strength of the Cabinet," confessed Interior Minister Louis Barthou at the flourishing climax of <u>la</u> <u>belle epoque</u>: "all its ministers use Vin Mariani."

With a pedestrian Bordeaux and a little Andean greenery then, Angelo Mariani, like Napoleon, conquered world-conquering France. As thoroughly a meridional as Napoleon, Angelo came out of Pero Cassavecchia on Corsica, of a clan of pharmacists and physicians. Angelo's father in the 1840s made enough from a patented quinine nostrum to send the lad to Paris for formal training. Angelo had the good luck, at the age of 17 in 1855, to gain an apprenticeship under an apothecary in the rue Vaneau, handy to the Paris Opera.

So Angelo Mariani's mortar and pestle, right from the first, was employed in the interests of high art and culture, catering to the well-tempered vocal cords of the most prominent performers of his century. Right from the first, that is, he was preparing certain voice-toning preparations according to the innovative recipes of an ambitious young physician, Dr. Charles Fauvel, whose family connections provided him a clientele of the most fashionable Paris Opera headliners. And Fauvel was brilliant. He gave his clients coca from Peru.

To this day, performing vocalists who self-administer certain preparations from the South American shrub Erythroxylon coca uniformly attest that it marvelously enhances their range, versatility and general stage presence. This is commonly discounted as delusionary by top American drug experts (though rarely by performers).

But the direct anesthetic effect of the stuff (imported fresh from Peru by steamship) on the throats and vocal cords of the Paris Opera performers had decidedly beneficial results. When chewed with lime, it was discovered straight away, fresh coca conveyed a curious tingly numbness to the entire mouth and throat, even up to the back of the nose; racking coughs would be banished, scratchy throats soothed, and the most chronically overstrained mezzosoprano's larynx would achieve a supple freshness and control that could last through half a performance of Don Pasquale.

Operas went on and on for hours back then, though, and singers played their hearts out in them every night for weeks on end. It was Angelo Mariani's mission, then, at Fauvel's request, to prepare a coca voice toner that wouldn't involve a bulky mouthful of leaves and lime and saliva, and long periods of unsightly cheek-bulging mastication. Fashionable Parisian divas were not about to let themselves look like clochards chewing plug tobacco, after all: "This habit meets such an aversion nowadays in our countries," Mariani resolved, "that one has to find other methods to employ coca."

Eventually he came up with several methods, but the most popular was always the first and simplest: the alcoholic infusion. In April of 1869, at age 31, Angelo Mariani was soaking a batch of Peruvian leaves in red Bordeaux one evening, hoping the 24-proof alcohol solution would yield him a dependably stable coca extract after it was boiled off, when a customer came to him unannounced. She was Fauvel's latest client, a coloratura frankly "known more for her beauty than her talents." She was in desperate straits, having blown her throat out with a command performance and another shortly due, so she was petitioning M. Mariani, in his own laboratoryapartment, for an emergency voice restorative. All Mariani had on hand was this kettle of leaves in mid extraction, so he bottled some up for her in a

VINMARIAN

pharmacy vial. She sang like a nightingale the next night, and shot off an order of her own direct to the Mariani family abode: "It is excellent. You will send me a dozen bottles."

Alas, the first hundred bottles were too much for the library shelves in his personal apartment. The bookcase collapsed, and he lost his whole initial investment-but not before Dr. Fauvel observed the effects of Angelo's new "tonic wine with the coca of Peru." These effects went far beyond mere tingly numbness and larynx toning. Perceiving in this beverage a mine of profit, Fauvel helped his Corsican friend gain a shop lease on the elegant new boulevard Hausmann. Mariani sold a dozen bottles of Vin Tonique on the first day from number 41 Hausmann, and his profits increased exponentially every year thereafter.

People ran drugstores properly back then, with ornate walnut serving counters, silver cuspidors, overcushioned armchairs before open fireplaces, chess tables and bookcases and string quartets in attendance: everything you'd ever want in a place where friends sit around and take drugs together. People went into drugstores feeling ill, watched the apothecary mix their medicine, and then took it on the spot and started feeling better right away, in the shop. Most often the medicine contained opium or morphine, conducing to a sedate, cerebral, recuperative drugstore ambience. In Angelo's shop, though, the staple was this wonderful coca preparation, a very agreeable difference indeed. The recuperative conversations, while equally cerebral, were decidedly allegro behind Mariani's Vin Tonique, and his clientele was just the bunch to appreciate it, too.

The opera has always been a murderously physical vocation, requiring prodigious exertions of brute energy, besides impossible reservoirs of mental concentration and artistic intuition. Coca was thus so uniquely apropos for the Paris Opera performers that they took to dragging all their acquaintances to 41 Hausmann, insisting they quaff a few glasses of this exhilarating new stuff. By and by, Angelo's premises were the haunt of Europe's most prestigious theater critics, composers, dramatists, set designers, portrait painters, novelists, poets and general literati. While there, of course, they were dependably at top form, rapping away magnificently, bubbling over with brilliance and creativity. And they brought along their wealthy high-society patrons to enjoy

their friends, and so on.

this cultural extravaganza. Everyone who tried Vin Mariani recommended it enthusiastically to friends, who told



"Vin Mariani gives my White Fathers, sons of Europe, the courage and strength to civilize Africa and Asia."

—Cardinal Armand Lavigerie

"Vin Mariani" is indispensable to dramatic and lyric artists. I owe to it the solidity and suppleness of my voice; also my vital forces resist through it the emotions and fatigues of the stage. I would be unable to go on without it. A few drops of "Vin Mariani" carries me through and restores me. Therefore without hesitation I proclaim it the "King of all tonics."

Sarah Bernhardt today would wind up under public inquisition by the legislators of all Christendom for carrying on like that about any cocaine-containing stimulant beverage: a celebrity drug addict, obviously, a disgrace to the performing arts and a pernicious example for youth. She'd be up on charges and under "treatment" before the ink dried on that issue of Le Figaro, and her career after that would consist of public confessions and testimonials on behalf of some quack doc

sion to Le Figaro around 1900, with warm regards to her dear old friend Mariani. She didn't get a red centime for it, either; Sarah Bernhardt didn't need money, and it would have been both uncivilized and unnecessary for Angelo to suggest any. Madame Sarah was just then rehearsing for the central role in L'Aiglon, written expressly for her by Edmond Rostand, author of Cyrano de Bergerac; and Rostand also effusively celebrated Vin Mariani, and its creator, in Angelo's full-page Le Figaro advertisements.

with a sure cure for "compulsive"

Withal, even at that Sarah Bern-

hardt would be far and away superior

to MacKenzie and John Phillips put to-

gether. The Divine Sarah was entirely

immortal when she granted this effu-

dope taking.

e Figaro's Vin Mariani ads make for a unique 50-year perspective on French arts, letters and society, straight from la belle epoque through la fin de siècle and even past la grand guerre. So many current and emerging celebrities took to congregating in

Mariani's always-effervescent shop on the boulevard Hausmann that by the 1870s this unlikely meridional pharmacist, this hefty, crooked-nosed Corsican, was solidly among the crème de la crème of Paris. His main entrée to the very best circles was provided by one Mme. Conneau, a matronly confidante of Prince Louis Napoleon, who presided over a salon of established artists and performers. They were all into Vin Mariani, and it was no trouble at all getting them to testify to it.

It all came very naturally. In the early '70s, orders were already mounting past the point where Mariani could fill them all without pumping a whole pile of money into new plant machinery, steamships, rail cars and so on. To properly industrialize the operation, Angelo was frankly going to have to proceed beyond wordof-mouth commendations among the elite and begin an aggressive merchandising campaign. And this posed definite problems.

The papers and wall-hoardings of all Paris were lurid then with advertisements for patent medicines and the quacks who merchandised them. Nearly all these nostrums consisted primarily of opiates-opium, codeine or morphine-which are in fact effective for nearly every ailment under the sun, from flu to fractures to plain hypochondria. But they also have this property of promoting addiction in a small but conspicuous percentage of people who take them longer than a few weeks; "morphinists" were accordingly a source of perpetual tuttutting by society's moral arbiters, who condemned patent-medicine makers in general for creating and exploiting dope addicts. Opiate medications also invariably promoted steeltrap constipation, even in short-term common-cold patients, and everybody hated that. Worst of all, they were cheap. Opiate proprietaries were publicly flogged in florid advertisements pandering to the lowest common public denominator of taste and intelligence-like television record-album ads today, really-by twobit quacks who promoted themselves as the greatest figures in medicine since Galen and Avicenna.

So if Angelo Mariani were to commence putting his portrait in Le Figaro and singing the praises of his enlivening, nonaddictive, nonconstipating new nostrum, he would necessarily wind up losing plenty of his high-society clientele. Presently, therefore, he hit on the brilliant idea of getting others to sing his tonic's praises-sing them literally, right from the first.

One day, it seems, composer

Charles Gounod asked Mariani in his shop if he could charge a few bottles of Vin Tonique, as he'd left his cash at home. Mariani told the renowned creator of Faust that he could have all the coca wine he could carry away, if he'd do up a little ditty with the lyric "Vin Mariani" somewhere in it. The result was the first advertising jingle, jaunty and hypnotically mindless, ending on the same note as it began, so that it just goes 'round and 'round in the head of anyone who hears it.

There was a new Vin Mariani jingle every few months after that, invented expressly for Angelo by the top composers and lyricists of the day. The score and lyrics would be published in Le Figaro, the Parisian daily, in the cultural supplement, with a discreet notice that this very same Vin Mariani was available from 41 boulevard Hausmann at five francs per bottle. The jingle would be picked up by anyone who could read words and music, and hummed past the point of distraction by the proletariat in all the French-speaking world. "Coca-phoniques" they were called, a pun on cacophony.

ut this Vin Tonique Mariani a la Coca du Perou, even at just francs-less than \$1 per pint bottle-was never presented as a popular beverage. The Le Figaro ads, all testimonials, featured strictly quality consumers. And what quality! Popes Leo XIII and Pius X formally commended the Mariani tonic, and struck beautiful silver medals in Mariani's personal honor bearing their sanctified profiles. President McKinley's personal secretary, himself also a dedicated Marianic, sent along heartfelt thanks from both of them for a few complimentary cases of Vin Tonique that Angelo sent to the White House. The Celestial Emperor of the ten thousand kingdoms of China drank it, along with his bloodyhanded "Bismarck of the East," Gen. Li Hung-Chang. Princess Alexandra of Great Britain turned on her cousin, the czarina Alexandra of Russia, to Vin Mariani; and though the Russians kept up a comprehensive embargo on other European wines and medicines, once Nicholas got a nip of Mariani, he was ordering cases of it from Neuilly in notes of gorgeously imperial arrogance. In the Winter Palace banquet hall at St. Petersburg, and at the Kremlin as well, only the very best state visitors were toasted formally with Vin Mariani a la Coca du Perou.

A higher quality clientele than this no merchandiser has ever enjoyed, or ever will again. "M. Mariani has reconciled Aesculapius with Bacchus," a French diplomat elegantly observed, adding that the Vin Tonique was a terrific asset for the French foreign ministry. Diplomat-superspy Xavier Paoli shrewdly diagnosed the depressive neurasthenia afflicting Elizabeth, Emriani." All hesitation disappears, words flow clearly, easily and are con-

Now, there's no buying testimonials from people like this; and once you've got them, there's no need to bribe testimonials out of lesser people.

"Vin Mariani is indispensable to dramatic and lyric artists. I would be unable to go on without it."

—Sarah Bernhardt, Paris

press of Austria-"She had no particular malady, she simply felt infinite lassitude, a perpetual weariness"-and prescribed Mariani for her. The lady shortly afterward gratefully presented M. Paoli with 11,000 francs worth of rare Austrian vintages.

It was the czar of Bulgaria who most fulsomely enumerated the special virtues of this stimulating beverage for the modern constitutional despot. Wrote Ferdinand, specifically for a Le Figaro blurb:

After twenty or more audiences during a morning; then receiving the Diplomatic Corps; presiding over the Council of Ministers for several hours; and yet to pronounce a political discourse before hundreds of the representatives of the Nation, more or less anxious to detect weakness and rhetoric in the Chief of State-Ouickly, one or two glasses of this "Vin Ma-

So when Enrico Caruso's name appears in Le Figaro advertisements-"I tested Vin Mariani and found it excellent and efficacious for the voice; it gives particular energy to artists when fatigued"-it can be assumed he meant precisely what he said, without embroidery. Buffalo Bill Cody, the circus trick-shooter, gave it a warm endorsement, and the wonderful Lillian Russell revealed that she enjoyed Coca du Perou "at home and at the theatre." If the "Washington Post March" has always scared you a little with its fanatic effervescence, it helps to know that John Philip Sousa touted Vin Mariani "for brain workers, and when expending nervous force." Alexandre Dumas fils called it "the elixer of life," and Mariani was similarly endorsed by Jules Verne, Emile Zola, H.G. Wells, Octave Mirabeau, and so on, and so forth, with luxuriant cocaphonic verbiage.

Writers, in fact, have traditionally been second only to performers in fondness for preparations from the Andean shrub Erythroxylon coca:

A veritable magic potion, a marvelous elixir for authors. With a glass of "Vin Mariani," the chapter unrolls itself in a ray of sunshine. By the time the bottle is finished, the entire book is completed, overflowing with ardor and strength from a revitalized brain, aflame with youth, passion and life.

Alas, no one today recalls the name of the hack who confected this particular testimonial: Henri Beque, a Parisian gossip specialist who attached himself to Mariani's Simple Review, a publication strictly for unknown writers shooting for the top. If they panned out and got genuinely famous-even for just a season, like poor Bequetheir biographies would be published in Mariani's deluxe Album Contemporaries, complete with elegant daguerrotype. These were published annually for over 25 years, and provide unique source material now for intimate insights into the late-century European cultural milieu. Though the American Pure Food and Drug Administration later moved heaven and earth to smear Angelo Mariani as a Corsican dope gangster, the smear just never stuck. He was one of the last and best of European art patrons, and there has never been any getting around that.

To be sure, his stuff got people high in a way very different from ordinary alcohol, and it wasn't strictly used as medicine either. "Marianizing" for its own sake was open and popular, and evoked blessed little opprobrium, too. Even Coca-Cola, while it still had coca in it, picked up heat from dope-obsessed U.S. congressmen, raving about "the Negroes of the South, who take Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola and so on." But in all the hysterical anticoke propaganda pumped out by the PF&DA and the American Medical Association, when they set out to monopolize the medicine market after 1900, somehow they never managed to find or even invent a Vin Mariani "addict" or overdose casualty.

This is due to what pharmacologists call "mode of administration." Until just a couple of years ago, believe it or not, it was the generally received scientific opinion that cocaine was pretty much inactive when swallowed, because stomach acids neutralize cocaine in in vitro test-tube observations. Then in 1978, Dr. Ronald Siegel at UCLA's neuropsychiatric unit discovered that cocaine reactivates itself after passing through the stomach, and is absorbed into the bloodstream

VINMARIANI

from the small intestine right smoothly and efficently. The high, then, doesn't start to come on for a half hour after swallowing, and there's no dramatic rush into cocaine intoxication; but the high persists for over twice as long as a snort high, and ebbs so gently that there's no suddent dump-down into depression and replenished coke craving. Now if Siegel would only check the relative rates of absorption, metabolism and elimination of all 14 coca alkaloids when taken orally together, in a 24-proof alcohol-and-tannin suspension, we might be able to make sense of some of the more bizarre testimonials to Vin Tonique Mariani a la Coca du Perou. Crazy stuff like this:

... I desired to experiment with Coca as an analeptic [appetite control agent]. A Bordeaux-glassful of this wine has always sufficed to make me forget hunger and to maintain my strength. I felt a slight warmth and general toning up of the body; the digestion of the meal which followed was always more easy than when I had not taken the Mariani Wine, and, although I had not a sensation of voracious hunger as I had without it, I ate very well, the stomach appearing more robust and more active.

And who was this coked-out Victorian-era ignoramus who furnished this impossible advertisement for Le Figaro? Why, he was only the chief surgeon at the Cairo French Hospital. Being a Frenchman as well as a trained physician, though, Dr. Chapusot's intimate meditations on Messer Gaster-his stomach-just cannot be lightly written off. He observed an abolition of appetite after doing Vin Mariani, succeeded by a subtle phase in which he could eat, at the appointed dining hour, and thoroughly enjoy it. That was a hundred years ago. In the interim, how many seekers after appetite suppression have permanently ruined their digestions, their bodies, and their very minds and lives behind amphetamines?

hen there was this Dr. Bogdan, editor of Rumania's top medical journal, who thanked Angelo on behalf of "my convalescents, my neurasthenics, chlorotics and aenemics." His convalescents, for God's sake? A French physician: "Vin Mariani aids the surgeon in giving his patient the force to support the operation, and as a restorative thereafter." For convalescence?

Cocaine is strictly a topical, local an-

esthetic, so how could coca be any help with recuperation after surgery and illness? Since scores of physicians in fact testified that the Vin Tonique dramatically cut into postsurgery recuperation time, you either have to conclude that the subtle coca euphoria helped sick people get better quicker, ance, all the quack docs who took to mixing cocaine with their usual opiate standbys, bottling them in various suspensions, and flogging them a la Vin Mariani as "coca tonics." As more people become acutely familiar with morphine's addictive and constipating properties, opiate nostrums picked up terrible press and official heat, so that these counterfeit Vin Toniques were dragging Angelo into a

heat, so that these counterfeit Vin Toniques were dragging Angelo into a

"I found it excellent for the voice. It gives particular energy to the artist when fatigued."

-Enrico Caruso, Milan

or that all these doctors were lying through their teeth. In modern medicine, of course, it's professional suicide to suggest that simple drug-induced euphoria could have any therapeutic value whatsoever. Therefore nearly any academic drug expert you ask about these Mariani testimonials will guarantee under sworn oath that all these people were lying through their teeth.

And don't ask about the kids. "Vin Mariani may be called wine, cordial, medicament and a beverage," glowed one admirer, "as it is appreciated equally by husband, wife and child." Children back then, of course, drank wine with meals, just as adults drank wine, because in most places the water was questionable. And when there was a little coca in the wine, they brightened up just like everyone else, lost their melancholies, improved their digestion, stopped their coughing and so on. A boon to hospitals and orphanages everywhere: "our little invalids," and "the little inmates of Villaponte" and so on. The sister of mercy who tended the Metropolitan Artist's Orphanage hopefully got a free case of the Vin Tonique from Angelo after she told how "it revives and comforts my pale girls, rapidly giving them vigor and color."

So there was no end of custom for coca tonics; by 1915, over 10 million bottles of Vin Mariani alone had been sold. But Mariani was not long alone in the coca line. By the '80s, the magnificent Merck corporation in Darmstadt was producing pure cocaine for an abundance of its own medications, and selling bins of it to patent quacks for mixing into sundry proprietaries of their own.

That was a decided source of annov-

company which he definitely did not wish to keep.

The prestigious Gazette de Hospiteaux obliged Angelo in 1877 by running a depth study of the Vin Tonique, officially assuring the world that "it does not constipate"—the most notorious and deplorable telltale sign of opiate medications. Mariani, the testing physicians resolved, was free of the "inconveniences of other medicaments called tonics, which produce constipation."

But the Mariani imitators just persisted in lowering the classy tone of his beverage, no matter what.

It was in the States that Vin Mariani got in the worst trouble. Angelo's brother-in-law, J. Jaros, ran the U.S. operation out of a plant at 52 West 15th Street in Manhattan, importing vats of Bordeaux from Clausel's firm in Europe and coca leaves from South America, and mixing it all in Manhattan. This was enough to have the hammer dropped on Vin Mariani in the United States.

The labels said Vin Mariani was imported into the States, which was true in one sense, and false in another. In 1906, when Dr. Harvey Wiley's insane new Pure Food and Drug Administration launched its cocaine crackdown, that little element of technical half-falsehood became blindingly important.

The American Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry conducted a full inquisition into the nature and merchandising of Vin Mariani in 1906, and the Journal of the American Medical Association gave their report top billing in their issue for June 30 that year.

The venal patent-medicine witchhunt conducted by the feds and the AMA in the first decade of this century is too thoroughly documented to warrant giving JAMA or Wiley's PF&DA any credit for being sincere in their motives for trouncing Vin Mariani in print. JAMA is supposedly concerned with matters pertaining to health, but in this 1906 report there's not a syllable on health matters.

Jaros and Mariani were condemned solely for technical violations of Rule Five of the new PF&DA Act, prohibiting "misleading statements as to geographical source, raw material from which made, or methods or collection or preparation." All because Vin Mariani was billed as an "imported" tonic, while Wiley's sharp Washington drug-control lawyers could charge that it was actually blended on West 15th Street.

President McKinley being safely assassinated by now, JAMA picked up no objection from him when it unilaterally retracted his testimonial for Vin Mariani. They simply suggested it might have been "faked"—"think of it!"—and that was that. But the signature of his secretary, reproduced in Le Figaro's Mariani ads any number of times, was never challenged once when both men were still alive.

Still, Angelo Mariani got off lightly, compared to all the tabloid dung into which Coca-Cola was dipped by Dr. Harvey Wiley and his dope-control clique in the American Medical Association and Congress. John Pemberton copped Angelo's extraction method in 1885 for his Coca-Cola, substituting caramel soda water for Bordeaux and adding kola-nut extract for a special exotic pick-me-up. Black men all over the South were raping white women behind coke, and catching police bullets in their teeth, top senators and representatives were guaranteeing for the open record. So Coca-Cola in 1903 took the cocaine out of Coke for good (leaving the rest of the coca extract in it), and slightly increased the caffeine, which is physically addictive, though cocaine's not. Coca-Cola still has kola nut in it, too: a wonderful and mysterious beverage, really, Coca-Cola.

Angelo Mariani, on the other hand, just went on putting out his cocabased tonic until his death in 1914—six months before la grand guerre commenced, eight months before the Harrison Act banning cocaine in the United States took effect. Vin Mariani always sold briskly in places less toxiphobic than the United States—and it sold fine, too, anywhere the feds weren't enforcing the Harrison Act. People liked it, nobody at all ever got sick from it, and hell, the pope drank it, didn't he?

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☐ 12: August '76



☐ 13: September '76



□ 14: October '76



☐ 15: November '76



☐ 16: December '76



☐ 17: January '77



☐ 18: February '77



☐ 19: March '77



☐ 20: April '77



☐ 21: May '77



☐ 22: June '77



☐ 23: July '77



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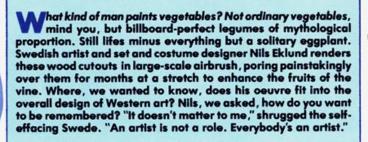


PLEASURES

Give Deas a Chance

by Eleanore Kennedy

"I've done
every fruit
and vegetable
I could think
of over the
years."



"I did a forty-foot airbrush carrot on wood. Added some water drops to make it tastier."



Nils did his first costume designs for the Multi-Gravitational Aero Dome Company. The dancers arrived at his studio two by two, wearing their full-body leotards, and he painted the designs right on the cloth—three-dimensional art. The T-shirts he does now are not commercially available. Nils prefers to give them



"Disengage!" ordered the flight instructor. I yanked the toggle. The tow plane banked hard, turned 180 degrees and disappeared. The sailplane fell like a rock, bounced and then hung, silently, in midair. We were floating. See what lengths we go to for these stories?

No power. No noise. If you can stomach hanging 2,000 feet above sea level—or 3,500 feet, or 10,000, if you're good enough—in a plane with no engine, you may find peace in a glider. Sailplanes are towed aloft by powered planes; once you disengage the tow, how long you stay up depends on how ac-

curately you read the prevailing wind conditions. Aloft on a spring thermal, you can stay high till you get hungry.

As thrills go, sailplaning, also called gliding or soaring, runs cheap. A demonstration ride will cost you \$15 to \$35; a lesson, \$20 to \$40, depending on how ritzy the glider port is. Small airports in every state offer instruction. The name of one near you can be found in the information packet (\$3) from the Soaring Society of America, P.O. Box 66071, Los Angeles, CA 90066. Available from the same source is an excellent guide to the sport, The Joy of Soaring, by Carl Conrad, \$15 ppd.



Here's a quick reference to the bestknown sailplaning centers:

California: El Mirage Sky Ranch, Adelanto; Calistoga Soaring Center, Calistoga; Colorado: Wave Flights, Inc., Black Forest; Florida: Glades Soaring School, Miami; Coastal Aviation, Pensacola; Hawaii: Honolulu Soaring Club, Honolulu; Illinois: Air Display, Park Forest; Windy City Soaring, Plainfield; Maryland: Cumberland Soaring, Boonsboro; Michigan:

Adrian Soaring Club, Adrian; New Hampshire: Mount Washington Soaring Association, North Conway; New Mexico: Hobbs Industrial Airpark, Hobbs; New York: Schweitzer Flying School, Elmira; Wurtsboro Flying Service, Wurtsboro; North Carolina: Bermuda High, Chester; Pennsylvania: Ridge Soaring Club, Julian; Tennesses: Chilhowee Glider Port, Benton; Vermont: Sugarbush Soaring Association, Sugarbush.



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MISSISSIPPI GREEN

continued from page 47

one at my old junior high school. The panel with the bank of numbers seemed to be at least 30 feet away and I had a sense of being outdoors. I even thought I felt a fresh breeze blowing on my cheek, a respite from the intense noon-bright sun.

My head seemed to be hovering about 15 feet above the asphalt. Time was on vacation. During some slow-motion periods I felt like I had plugged directly into the electronic apparatus: I had only to notice a 2 and it would disappear. From these fleeting glimpses of cosmic comprehension I skidded into frozen moments of hyper self-consciousness that left me paranoid and immobile. I panicked if I couldn't find the 2, then became agitated, wondering what secret intention they really had, why the headphones were playing Wagner now, and who's that behind me anyway? Just as quickly I would dismiss all that nonsense with some good sober rational thought and settle down to a concentrated period of high-efficiency performance until the ghost of Betty Boop began dancing around the basketball court and I would hear my name paged out by the pool.

The critical tracking task went much smoother. The 15 minutes I spent with the first test allowed me to relax and collect myself a bit. I expect I was as disoriented by the effect of hyperventilating for 10 minutes as I was by the effect of the pot. The concentrated duration and intense focus of the thin blue line was easier to negotiate and much more stimulating.

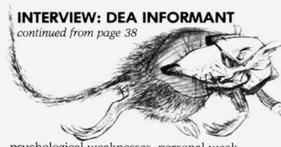
I learned later that the joint I smoked had been the high-level dose, 250 micrograms THC per kilogram of my body weight. I finished the critical tracking task, stumbled to the nurse's station, gave blood, sat down, stood up, then started the whole series over again. By this time the radical initial effects had disappeared and I was again able to perform in good workmanlike fashion. After the third set of tests I started to become sleepy and slush-headed. The critical tracking task remained stimulating but the rest of the process quickly became a moronic job and the tedium of constant testing destroyed any enjoyment of the pot's effect.

On subsequent test days under lower doses my initial performance was much less impaired. In fact, under the 100 microgram/kg dose, I actually exceeded the scores I received when I smoked a placebo. It was a good, clean, stimulating high and I really got into playing the games and trying to win.

I decided that my interest level was the single biggest factor that determined the quality of my performance. Subjects are paid monetary bonuses to keep them motivated, but after long hours of a boring, repetitive activity and only a placebo to keep you amused, it isn't enough. □



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psychological weaknesses, personal weaknesses, such as large families that would be subject to murder, torture, if it was leaked to the Viet Cong that these guys were working as agents for American military intelligence. It's interesting that the expertise of all the men I've worked with is in heroin. They were all supposedly gathering information on Viet Cong activity, but what they were actually gathering information on was heroin.

HIGH TIMES: Coincidentally.

DON: Yes, coincidentally; but despite their expertise with the heroin trade, where are the heroin busts? They hardly work on heroin at all.

HIGH TIMES: Can you expand on the parallel you seem to be drawing between their ability to expose an agent to the Viet Cong in 'Nam and their ability to expose you here?

DON: The parallel is that, as I said before, they have lists of people they know to be doing large-scale trafficking who they can leak information about informants to.

HIGH TIMES: So their ace in the hole is that they always have the power to expose your relationship to them?

DON: To leak information back onto the street. They can do it indirectly; they can jerk some dealer in off the street and tell him they have certain information about his activities that only the CI could have given them—and let him draw his own conclusions. They love to have you know that they can do that, and that they're capable of doing it.

HIGH TIMES: Isn't there also a danger that they could expose you inadvertently?

DON: The danger is always there. In fact, there's absolutely no way for them to protect you. That's the paramount thing that anybody needs to know when the DEA is offering them a deal to roll over. It can and will always slip out in court or on the street. HIGH TIMES: What sort of opinion do you think the agents have of the CIs?

DON: To the agents we're nothing but a bunch of whores. They actually hate the CI for two basic reasons: one, the CI has come from the subhuman world of drugs and dope pushers; and two, he has turned on his friends for money and has become a double agent—in their eyes the lowest of the slime.

HIGH TIMES: How do you feel about yourself?

DON: Not good. I'm sure I've ruined at least fifty people, if not financially at least emotionally or socially.

HIGH TIMES: Are there specific people that you really regret bringing down?

DON: Oh, yeah, real bad. A couple just recently.

HIGH TIMES: Are they serving time?

DON: Two of them are serving time. I resent it. I don't even want to think about it. HIGH TIMES: How many years of other people's lives have bought you the five years or so you might have served?

Don: Probably on about a ten-to-one ratio. HIGH TIMES: That must be a little hard to swallow.

DON: It is. But when you consider how many years it's going to take me to shake it all now . . . I have to add that onto it too, don't I?

HIGH TIMES: I would for my own sake if I were you.

DON: I know it's not going to be easy; I can't just waltz in here and tell you this and be off the hook.

HIGH TIMES: On the other side of it, are there people you put away that you think belong in jail?

DON: There've been a couple-more than just a couple. Some of them have really hurt people as much or more than I ever hurt anybody by what I was doing. There were a couple of guys in Tulsa that had some young girls strung out on Dilaudids that I thought deserved what they got. And there was a guy in Alabama who was heavy into solving problems on a permanent basis that deserved what he got. Other than those three guys, I'd say there's never been anybody to go down of any consequence. But remember, you don't just take somebody down and that's the end of it: There are neighbors that he has to deal with, his immediate family, his wife and her children, his friends, his mother and father-it just shatters everybody.

HIGH TIMES: So you want out?

DON: Yes.

HIGH TIMES: But you seem to be proud of your skill as an informant; you seem to like the intrigue. Where else are you going to find that? What's going to prevent you from going back into it?

DON: I don't know how to answer that question. I know my weaknesses. I know what I need in my life as far as the excitement and the intrigue and the living on the edge, but I also know that if I don't take steps like this to burn the bridges, the temptation is going to be there to slide back into it. I know the agents, and I know that once I've burned them, they won't forgive it. But it's like being a junkie: Once you're off the needle you don't ever lose the desire to go back and fire up again. You just decide every day not to use a needle. Well, today I've determined that I'm not going to do anything for them. I can't tell you what I'm going to do five months from now. I don't want to work for them anymore. I'm tired of being lied to, just like I'm tired of lying. I don't want to lie to people that I would like to have as friends, and I don't want to take them down, and I don't want to destroy their lives . . . today.

I REMEMBER PUNK

continued from page 44

all showered and shaved and thought tonight's the night! Beautiful nymphs with long blond hair, pendulous breasts, thick golden tanned thighs that melt down into a perfect slenderly wrapped pair of legs. Oh baby oh baby oh baby. Much to my horror, when I arrived I found out it was a punk party specially equipped with now negative girls, all ugly, their tans stripped from them with Easy-Off oven cleaner, their beautiful long hair cut to the skin with razors and dyed purple pink green blue, and those creamy complexions accented with cigarette burns and safety pins. I felt cheated. "You fucking Sex Pistols, why couldn't you come next year!" Some extremely unattractive teenage girl who resembled a 40-year-old dyke matron in a women's prison rather than a young woman fresh on the road to self-discovery approached me and knowing that I created Punk magazine erupted in a verbal assault at the pretense of the New York scene.

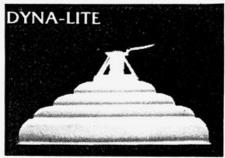
I didn't want to hear it. I was already pissed off enough that no one looked like Julie, the blond girl from the Mod Squad, but she got nastier and kept on insulting me. I told her she was ugly and to leave me alone. She spat beer in my face and the alcohol burned my eyes. As soon as I wiped it out and my vision cleared the first image to take focus was this ugly girl still glaring at me. I told her the beer didn't help, she was still ugly. She belted me in the nose. I told her, yes she was still fucking ugly. Three seconds later, I was surrounded by hideous monsters who were probably nice kids before NBC television devoted the feature story on their prime-time show "Weekend" to an in-depth study of English punk. The kids were acting like they were on the dole when in reality they lived at home on a healthy allowance and gasoline credit cards for their own car. "Go back to New York" is all I remember as I left the disintegrating party and went back to my motel room alone. I locked myself in watching TV and wondered why Hollywood was called Sin City. The bars close at quarter to two, the drinking age is 21, and no one likes to have any fun. I sat sulking and slowly it dawned

Who could blame these kids? L.A. sucks and they know it. It must get pretty depressing knowing your town's biggest cash crop is Charlie's Angels, Rona Barrett or some other dumb cunt waiting to fill the spotlight. In a city that constantly reminds you that if you're nobody, you really ain't anybody at all, it must get tedious dodging limos, Rolls Royces, Mercedes and every foreign sports car ever made as you make your way to the unemployment office. It made sense that they found their salvation in punk, the best defense being a good offense. If you had to walk around all day

continued on next page



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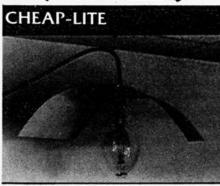
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I REMEMBER PUNK

continued from preceding page

looking at a bunch of bimbos with Farrah Fawcett haircuts giggling about the antics of their blow-dried polyester disco boyfriends, you'd want to vomit too. But there was no use trying to communicate. The Sex Pistols were due in San Francisco at any moment, and punk rock in America was about to climax (or rather, prematurely

rustrated and depressed that the buxom blond California girls of my dreams had been transformed into ugly punkette mutants, I left L.A. and joined John Holmstrom and Punk magazine photo editor Roberta Bailey. At the hotel, John explained to me things weren't going so well with the Pistols. It seemed Sid kept trying to kill himself every free moment he had; Johnny was playing superstar and pulling Greta Garbo routines; Malcolm McLaren was disgusted by Warner Brothers' fighting him tooth and nail on every creative idea he had for promoting anarchy in the States. Besides the Warner Brothers executives calling the shots from some penthouse on Sunset Strip, a goon squad of Warner Brothers thugs that used tact and subtlety in such a way that they reminded me of the Idi Amin baby-sitting service had surrounded Johnny and Sid, forcing them to travel for the entire tour in a Greyhound prison while Paul Cook and Steve Jones and McLaren flew. Malcolm seldom knew where the other half was. Divide and conquer. But the Pistols still had an even more formidable enemy. San Francisco, the capital of hippie music. They should have gone straight to L.A. and played one set at the Whiskey Au Go Go, causing a real riot on Sunset Strip by the disgruntled fans who couldn't get in because of the small seating capacity. It might have been the birth of anarchy in the USA.

Instead the ghosts of flower power rose from their graves and cursed the entire Sex Squadron with a thundercloud of paranoia from all the bad acid trips ever to hit Haight Ashbury.

The Winterland gig itself was one of the most boring rock 'n' roll shows ever. Quite a hard task to do considering it was the Sex Pistols. Immediately after the set, Holmstrom handed me a backstage pass. At the party backstage, the opening act was having a food fight with the poseurs and celebrity curiosity seekers. It was very boring, so I went to the dressing room, sat down, opened a Heineken and watched the Pistols. Sid had brought four girls from out of the audience back to the dressing room. "Who's going to fuck me tonight?" he asked. "How about a kiss first?" a cute 16-year-old groupie asked. Rotten sat alone on an old overstuffed couch and grumbled to himself while Sidney entertained the four ladies. One of the girls got up the nerve }

to approach Johnny and asked, "How do you do?" This set Johnny off into a tirade about how "how do you do?" was an invalid greeting. The girl blushed and backed off to Sid. Rotten looked scared, naive and pissed off. I think he sometimes envied Sid for being an idiot. Dumb but happy. But Johnny was cursed with the fame, the intelligence, and a low self-image that made him terribly shy and that he made up for by being terribly obnoxious. Annie Liebowitz from Rolling Stone entered the room with all her flash equipment, umbrellas and tons of cameras to take a cover photo for Rolling Stone. She wanted to get a picture of Johnny and Sid together but neither of them would join the other. Finally Annie cajoled Johnny to pose for her in the bathroom, where she'd set up her gear. "Is my hair all right?" Johnny snarled loudly at her. No one looked like they were having too much fun. Even Sid surrounded by four groupies looked bored and unable to figure out what to do with the girls now that he had them. I left the dressing room more depressed than ever and went back to my hotel room alone, thinking the Sex Pistols' original philosophy of having a bit of fun while trying to get a rise out of people had deteriorated somewhere between one interstate highway and another. The next day the Pistols would unofficially disband.

Although the Sex Pistols' breakup in San Francisco wouldn't become official for a few weeks, the record companies who'd flirted with this new music and punk folly were not taking any chances. Since the Sex Pistols had become synonymous with punk, something drastic would have to happen if they expected to make any money selling their stable of new-wave groups. Eureka, that's it! "New-wave music." Already as I arrived back in New York, the music industry magazines like Billboard and Record World proclaimed: "Don't call it punk, call it new wave" in full-page advertisements. "Smart bastards," I thought. "Divide and conquer again." Separate the Pistols and their ilk from safer, more accessible punk-rock groups. Was there a difference between punk and new wave? What was it? Confusion flourished again. It was a brilliant tactical move by the music industry. Punk, of course, would be associated with vulgarity, vomit and violence. New wave would be any of the new music that was commercial and accessible. Since no band from the Ramones, Sex Pistols, Blondie or the Talking Heads ever called themselves punks, the term new wave seemed okay as the last one, flashy and nebulous. But for American radio listeners and record buyers it was an easier egg to swallow. New wave sounded hip and intellectual, like existential French movies (the boring ones with the subtitles and the sensuous women smoking cigarettes), so college kids could "relate to it" and, better yet, buy it. This time the music business used the confusion to their advantage. It was a cultural coup. Groups like Queen, J. Geils

Things weren't going so well with the Sex Pistols. It seemed Sid kept trying to kill himself every free moment he had.



and Bruce Springsteen cut their hair or shaved their beards and got back to basics. Cher wore leopard-skin leotards as she roller-skated around the recording studio in frustration, wondering why she hadn't recorded "Heart of Glass." Linda Ronstadt recorded a few Elvis Costello tunes, pleasing his pocketbook but not his ears. Every lead singer in most heavy-metal bands claimed to be the first punk.

ack at the magazine, things weren't going so well. Because of the record industry's brilliant and profitable switch from punk to new wave, not too many record companies were interested in advertising in a magazine called Punk and you don't get circulation without distribution and you don't get distribution without advertising and you don't get advertising without money and you don't get money without selling advertising and you don't get advertising without a large circulation. It was a complex Catch-22, but even if we had become as popular as TV Guide or Family Circle, it might have been the end of civilization as we know it. Sweet old ladies in black leather motorcycle jackets causing riots at the Social Security offices. TV newsmen in spiked dog collars and green hair telling you, "Fuck off, go make your own news." Every business man in America quitting his job to join a band. Actually it doesn't sound that bad if people didn't for-

Sid Vicious was anything but vicious when he replaced Glen Matlock in the Sex Pistols. Johnny Rotten gave him his nickname because he was such a wimp, just another snot-nose kid looking for his slice of the pie, but caught up in the furor of having to be the coolest soldier in the battle against boredom. Challenging the musicindustrial complex while being manipulated by it, all the while having to live up to an image, had taken its toll on Sid. Vicious forgot the joke and lived up to the romantic tragedy rock 'n' roll evokes. Nancy Spungeon was murdered. Sidney overdosed. A new legend was born, and now the scene had its patron saints. Move over Jimi and Janis and tell Tchaikovsky the news.

Though it might never become apparent to most people, through all the hype, bad press, sensationalism, bad taste and loud music, a lot of good came out of the punk scene. Do-it-yourself records and magazines produced by kids with little or no money sprang up in almost every urban }

American center as nightclubs that once exclusively employed cover bands (bands that played everyone else's music, mostly too farty) were connived into letting new bands who wrote their own music play onstage instead of their garbage. The idea that you could do something on your own and without a lot of money in corporationland was truly revolutionary, and hopefully rock 'n' roll would be never again worshipped as a religion but taken as a tribal rite in the next step to sane living.

I remember in the early days when punk was just beginning to break, Patti Smith had fallen offstage somewhere and broken her neck, and I somehow wound up babysitting for her while her boyfriend was on tour. I had a fun time smoking her killer pot and playing her album Horses and imitating her while she laughed and cracked jokes in her neck brace. It was fun hanging out, drinking beers and listening to friends gossip, but then Patti got better. "I'm becoming a cunt again, aren't I, Legs?" "Yeah," I mumbled and collected the last cans of beer out of the fridge and left. Times change, things aren't as fun anymore, you win a few battles, but not the war, try to grab some bucks and lick your wounds, wondering when some younger smartass will come along, slam an enema up the cultural asshole and sit back and giggle while the world takes a big healthy shit, all the time holding his nose 'cause it stinks so much.



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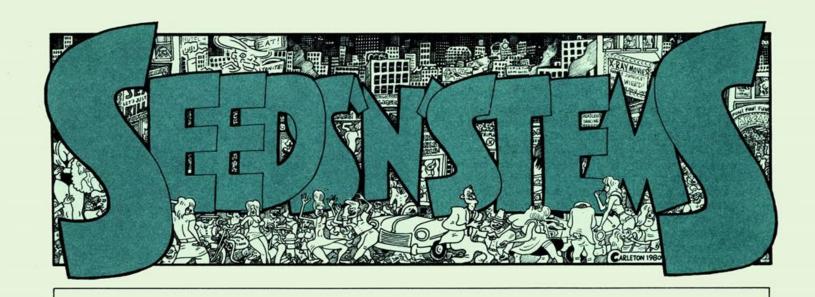
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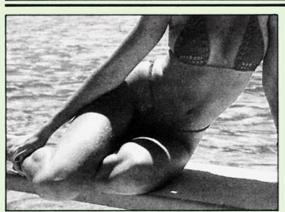
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THE GIRLS OF HIGH TIMES









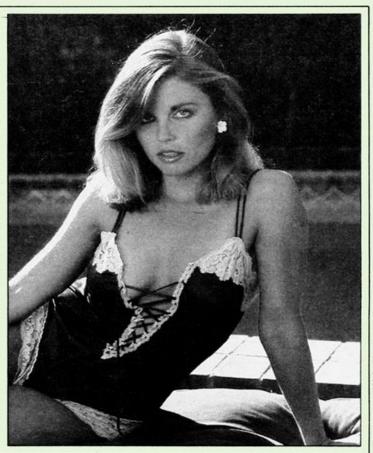
We went all over the world to methodically cull and collect this bevy of bounteous beauties for your delectation.

Mainly, we took the art editor of Big Tit Quarterly down to the Bells of Hell, got him drunk on his arse, copped these shots out of his briefcase, and wrote up a mess of bogus captions for them.

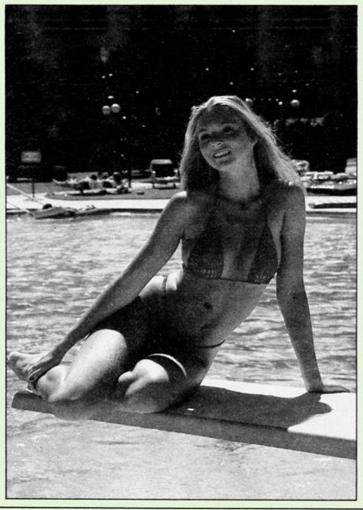
CIEGA DE AVILA IN THE BREEZY, FLOWER-DAPPLED

valleys of central Cuba is the Caribbean garden locale in which our slender Bonita Alvarez Guayamil was cultivated into her present long-stemmed, 36-22-36 bloom. Not so her papa's tobacco crop, though, for the last three seasons straight. It seems the beloved Fidel's muy scientifico five-year plan to boost the quality of Havana cigars is the lucky factor to which we owe the comely Bonita's presence among us. In 1979, the Popular Secretariat for Communal Agricultural Production reseeded all the fields around Ciego de Avila with an ultrahigh-nicotine Bulgarian cultivar of tobacco, which, naturally, caught tropical rust rot even before the seedlings developed leaves, and the whole planting was el muerte. Bonita's family somehow managed to hang on for three more seasons, but alas, the local Commissar of Five-Year Plans never received instructions from the People's Agricultural Secretariat to cease planting Bulgarian tobacco seeds, so every crop since then has rotted in the shoot.

Having missed the official 1981 boat migration to Florida, winsome Bonita managed to hitch a ride in a 70-foot shrimper with 117 Haitians to Miami last fall. "Seeds 'n' Stems" was fortunate enough to coax her into cavorting before our steamy lenses during an eight-hour furlough from an Everglades concentration camp, just before her entire detention block was shipped in boxcars up to Camp Drum in upstate New York—in February, when the temperature there ranged from between -50 to -10 degrees F. all month long. Let's hope little Bonita found some high-fashion woolen leg warmers, at least, for the drafty quonsets of Camp Drum!



ank Howard/Globe Pho



MISS PREMENSTRUAL-STRESS SYNDROME NEASDEN, A PRETTY SUBURB JUST NORTH OF SWING-

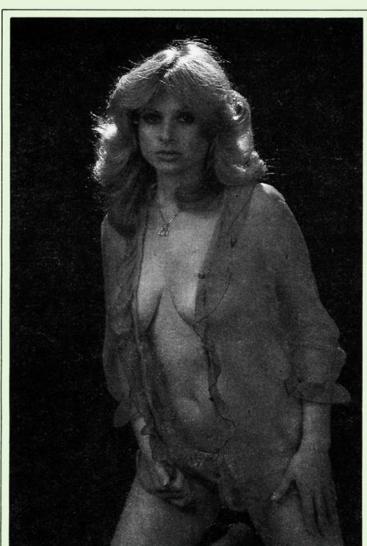
ing for his swine.

ing London in Jolly Old England, is the home of Prunella Salmonella, 38-24-36. Prunella is quite the celebrity in Neasden nowadays, after beating a first-degree homicide rap in the romantic Old Bailey, London's venerable criminal-court assizes. These piquant photographic views of Prunella came to "Seeds 'n' Stems" by way of the Rupert Murdoch daily News of the World, which has been running continual cheesecake shots of the busty widow ever since she poured hydrochloric acid down the throat of her snoring real-estate-broker husband last year, sectioned the body into two-pound lumps with a chain saw, tied them up in brown waxed wrapping paper, and sold them to a hog-feed distributor as horsemeat. She had all of her unfortunate spouse's money transferred to a secret numbered account in Liechtenstein before some Yorkshire pig farmer happened to discover a

distinctively human set of male genitals in the swill he was mix-

"God's witness, I don't know what come over me that night," Prunella tearfully told the Old Bailey magistrates. "It was an off day all 'round. Me stomach had been full of live fish, if you ever had that feelin', and the hot flashes and clammy sweats, and the migraine comin' and goin' that way—and then Pilchard wi' his bloody snorin'! It come over me like a cloud in me mind, sort of, yer Worships. I didn't know me own Christian name, all faith, 'til suddenly Pilchard was pig feed and here I was comin' out of a bank in bloody Liechtenstein wi' 30,000 bob accounted to me bankbook. Premenstrual tension, sure an' all. Ye'd never know what it was like, sirs, wi'out you had this cross to bear every month."

Prunella's ambition in life is to marry a movie producer, or at least a stockbroker.



MISS DOPE SNITCH

THE BYZANTINE CONTOURS OF SANDRA KAY (NOT HER

real name) Comehither's body are exceeded in subtlety only by her ethics. The one thing she loves more than anything else in the whole world-sorry about this, guys-is cocaine, and her primary aim in life is to assure herself of a steady, abundant supply of pure top-notch snort, with no risk of arrest.

A tall order? Not for our very own 38-24-36 Miss Dope Snitch. All you have to do is turn over, deftly and frequently, and at this our Sandra Kay Comehither is a past mistress.

A sometimes soap-opera actress in private life, Sandra Kay is particularly adept at simulating all the visible symptoms of acute heroin withdrawal: profuse eyewater, red and runny nose, gooseflesh, twitches, stomach cramps, and intolerable, self-pitying whining. Thus in her very private life, our enchanting ingenue in setting up smack junkies for "distribution" busts.

"If my control DEA agents can't nail the chump for selling, that's when they bring me in," breathes the cool, doe-eyed temptress. "I hang out with the dirtbag, maybe screw him a few times, and let on I've got a heavy jones. Then one day I show up at his place all goosebumps and cramps and runny snot, kicking like Garo Yepremian, see? He's got to give me a taste, right? And I carry the taste straight to my control, and this stiff goes away for five to seven."

In return, Sandra Kay gets her pick of samples from the DEA's Southeastern evidence bin: an infinite supply of pure, frosty, fresh-from-the-kitchens Andean flake and chunk and crystal.

But life is not an unalleviated idyll for Sandra Kay Eulenspiegel (her actual name). Ever since her DEA controllers faked her into pulling her come-hither stunt on a real smack mobster in Las Vegas last year, our lissome miss has had to drop into the Federal Marshal's Witness Program. There's blessed little soap-opera work to be gotten in Cold Comfort, Tennessee, where Sandra Kay lives in the green and beige Winnebago mobile home on Row 4-J in the Willow Tarn Trailer Park, two miles out of town on Route 21. Turn left at the big willow by the creek. You can't miss it.

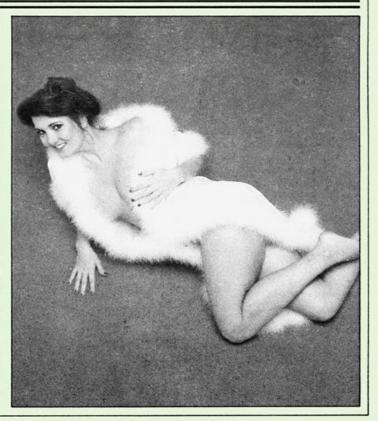
MISS COKE MULE

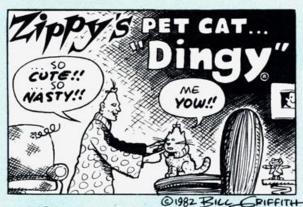
IF FETCHING ROSALBA VILLASPOLETO DE TROPP HAD

been dressed like this while passing through the Customs line at Kennedy International Airport last month, she might have forever missed the opportunity to display her superior Bolivian attributes for "Seeds 'n' Stems" readers. Luckily for us, pretty Rosalba had transformed the central statistic of her 38-24-36 lineamints to 38-54-36; but instead of an incipient bambino, Rosalba's maternity smock really covered 12.8 kilos of 86 percent-pure Bolivian flake pichicata.

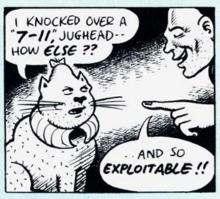
Unfortunately, gaminesque Rosalba's employers back in Santa Cruz City-three colonels in the Bolivian security service who were holding Rosalba's sister hostage in a jungle torture camp for political dissidents, until Rosalba should return with the coke money from Jackson Heights-never properly instructed the fetching señorita in how to walk as though she were truly pregnant. Her superbly poised, straight-backed carriage aroused the interests of Kennedy Customs personnel; the strip-search was succeeded by a prolonged and exquisite cavity inspection (lucky fellows!), and now it looks as though the fetching young contrabandistella will grace the lovely grounds of the Danbury Federal Correctional Facility for 12 to 15 years.

Her stay here may be briefer, though, if she can raise enough money to retain a good dope lawyer to arrange a decent plea bargain. "Seeds 'n' Stems" was more than happy to contribute \$127.56 (minus agent's fee) in return for this aesthetic portfolio of photos.

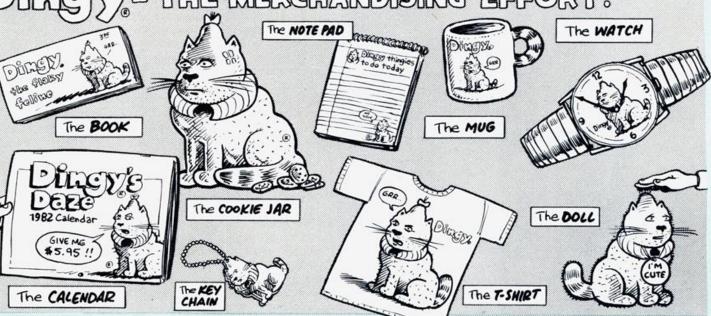












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Soons of the Topic

A SOUCHE CHANGE CONTRACTOR



It may have been some time since I addressed my loyal readers in this column. During that period-the holiday season for me, regardless of when you may be reading this-I was slipping in and out of consciousness, often on a pile of coats in the spare bedroom. Much of the Christmas season, which we Americans are lucky enough to be able to enjoy, comes from Germanythe drinking and the tree, for example. The religious part, however, does not. It comes from Israel and is an offshoot of Jewism. We should all think, at the Christmas-timeof-year-or after the Christmas-time-of-year, if we are too busy slipping in and out of consciousness-of the millions of people all over the world whose tyrannical Communist dictatorships forbid them to celebrate Christmas. In such countries there are no trees because all the trees have been ground up into paper to print propaganda against freedom. Even if there were trees there would be no decorations to hang on them because all the lights are being strung along the corridors of secret police prisons such as Lubianka-and besides, they only have one color of bulb! And as for tinsel, you can forget it. It is a fact that every last bit of tinsel in the Soviet Union has been requisitioned by the KGB to hang on the nipples of the dancers that entertain I them everyday after work in a secret club at KGB headquar-

We should all be thankful we live here in America.

Richard Allen, the former national security adviser, is gone. I personally thought that he did more crawling in his last few months than most major snakes do in a lifetime. It is a good thing the man is gone because, as he made all too apparent during his final days, he had as much spine as a garden slug, which is certainly not enough for a national security adviser. I shouldn't be at all surprised to learn that he wore Underoo's.

I am, of course, a little disappointed that the president has appointed William Clark to fill Allen's ballet slippers. The appropriate move would have been to appoint me to the position. I could easily handle State and the NSA thanks to my enormous capacity for work. My doctors tell me I have what is called in medicojargon a double-plus large

Peneral Alexander Haig's



You'll never see a scene like this in Omsk!

brain. When I think, my brain waves are so powerful they interfere with TV reception for several blocks around me. Well, what is done is done, but if you ask me, the president is heading for trouble with this Clark appointment. For one thing, the man looks like a child molester, and I can tell you in strictest confidence that there are strong rumors that while he was working under me at State he took fifties from tour groups to show them his

As you are probably aware, while Richard Allen sat at home staring at the wrist watch the Japs gave him and wondering why the president didn't call, I was advising the president to mobilize everyone in the draft registration system. It was my contention that failure to mobilize the draftees would "send the wrong signal to the Russians." As you know, the president failed to mobilize and now the Russians are laughing their huge boil-covered asses off at us, and by us I mean me in particular. They say things to me like "Next time speak right into his hearing aid" and "Hey, General Haig, the president thinks you're a friggin' bonehead."

I can tell you, dropping my mobilization plan was about the worst possible thing that could happen to this country short of taking one on the nose from an H-bomb. Look at the Roman empire. What hap-pened to them when they stopped mobilizing draftees and started using foreigners and stuff to do their fighting? I'll tell you what happened. They got bum-jumped by a bunch of goddamn barbarians dressed in dogskins who just overran the hell out of them, that's what happened. And when these friggin' barbarians got through emptying their wine cellars, boning their wives and crashing their chariots, there wasn't enough left of the goddamn place to wrap up in a snotkerchief. That's right. That's just what the Russians would like to do to us. Have you ever heard tales of

how the Red Army behaves in occupied territory? They don't just bust video games, let me tell you. No sir. There are a lot of German women, respectable women, who haven't been able to sit down since 1945, thanks to the soldiers of the Red Army. Don't think they wouldn't do the same if they get over here. They'd do worse. They've been thinking about all the stuff they forgot to do in Germany in '45 and they're itching for another opportunity. I have seen with my own eyes the Red Army's training manual which devotes a whole 200 pages to telling soldiers how to behave in occupied territory. This information is classified, so I can't say too much about it, but just let me ask you this: How would you like to sing soprano in the Red Army chorus?

What do you think Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger is going to do about stopping this from happening? I'll tell you something, that pantywaist couldn't keep a goldfish in a bowl if the fish wanted out. Do you think he's the girl to stop the Russians? Hell, he can't stop a cab.

The thing for patriotic readers of this column to do is clear as can be. We have to send a signal to the Russians to counteract the signal we sent to them when we canceled my mobilization plan, and I don't mean the kind of signal that you have to have a ham radio to send. Just fill out the coupon below and mail it to Mr. Leo Brezhnev, The Kremlin, USSR. Do it today, Americans. Tomorrow may be too late.

Mr. Leonid Brezhnev The Kremlin Moscow, USSR

Dear Mr. Brezhnev, This is just to let you know

that I back up Gen. Alexander Haig 100%. I am hereby sending you a signal to counteract the signal that we sent you by not mobilizing the draftees. If one single atom bomb goes off anywhere near my house, or if I see a single detachment of the Red Army so much as foraging in my city, I will personally place myself and my moose rifle under General Haig's command-and after that you better start ducking.

Yours,

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236 Professors Mark Knapp and Paul C. Feingold have conducted research that they say proves a theory that much anti-drug advertising does the opposite of what it is intended to do. It turns people on instead of off.

New York Times, June 10, 1977

SOMEONE BOASTED TO DR. MARS-237 ton that he had cured a certain writer of his tendency to alcoholic overindulgence. "It's a pity," replied Dr. Marston, "for he has never written a line worth reading since..."

I don't think anything worth reading was ever written by anyone who was drunk or even half-drunk when he wrote it.

Eugene O'Neill (or "Yez pays yer money and yez buys yer book")



238 ONLY THE PRICK OF A NEEDLE Charged from a wizard well! Is that sufficient to wheedle A soul from heaven to hell? Was man's spirit weaned From fear of ghosts and gods To fawn at the feet of a field? Is it such terrible odds-The heir of ages of wonder, The crown of earth for an hour, The master of tide and thunder Against the juice of a flower? Ay! in the roar and the rattle Of all the armies of sin, This is the only battle He never was known to win.

Aleister Crowley, "Ballad of

239 THAT HUMANITY AT LARGE WILL ever be able to dispense with artificial paradises seems very unlikely. Aldous Huxley



240 THE SELLING OF THE DRUG CULthe small circle of Beat acolytes, who guarded the flame of drug-inspired wisdom in the forties and fifties, for wider popularity in the hippie underground. In a 1976 interview in New Age, one of the leading alternative spiritual magazines, Pierre Delattre-a Protestant minister and former editor of the underground poetry magazine Beatitude-recalled seeing incipient signs of commercialization back in the sixties and being startled by them: "The thing that really amazed me the first time I came back from Mexico, after I'd really gotten into psychedelics, was the way the hippies were walking through supermarkets, buying things. I thought everybody would be on a very spiritual trip. I used to go to the Northpoint in North Beach . . . and there were all these hippies, stoned out of their minds, walking around the hot fudge counters and going wow-picking up one thing after another. That's when I realized that dope is the perfect stimulant to the economy, because once you're stoned, you don't have to worry about the price; you've got to have

> David Armstrong, A Trumpet to Arms, alternative media in America, 1981

LIKE OTHER REALLY CRUCIAL EXperiences, drugs turn everyday reality topsy-turvy and force us to contem-plate our inner selves. They do not open the doors of another world nor do they free our fantasy: rather, they open the doors of our world and bring us face to face with our phantoms.

> Octavio Paz, Alternating Currents, 1965

242 TEXAS FATHER PLACED ON who used drugs

... Mike Grigg was expelled from one city high school because his hair was too

Mr. Grigg who played pro football in the 40s and 50s...said that Mike, 20, was not an addict and to his knowledge used only valium and marijuana...
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New York Times, Jan. 18, 1977



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Zodiac News Service, Sept. 24, 1981

HIGH TIMES welcomes reader contributions to this clever column. Address correspondence to: Dope Lore, HIGH TIMES, 17 West 60th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023.

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May 1-May Day Smoke-In-Columbus, OH

May 2-The Great State Capitol SmokeOut, Madison WI

May 4-Kent State Memorial-Kent Ohio

June 5-Chicago Smoke-In-Noon -Lincoln Park south of the Zoo

June 12-14-Mass Rally against Nuclear Weapons at UN Special Session on Disarmament and civil disobedience at UN Missions of the 5 Nuclear Weapons Nations

June 27-Gay Pride Day-NYC, Chicago, SF, elsewhere July 2 evening-Rock Against Racism Concert

Washington, D.C.-Lincoln Memorial July 3-Rally at the DEA-Franklin Park 14th & I

NW, followed by a Concert at Lincoln Memorial July 4-Annual White House Smoke-In-Lafayette Park

', July 17-Demonstrate against Right-to-Life Convention Cherry Hill, NJ

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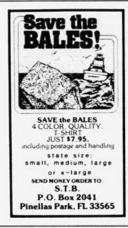
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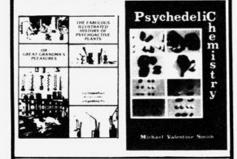
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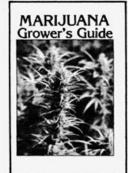
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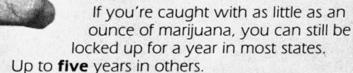
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USH TO GLORY The history of Rush is a success story won against seemingly insurmountable odds. In the late '60s bassist Geddy Lee and guitarist Alex Lifeson were young rockers from Toronto cutting their teeth on the prototype heavymetal sounds of the Who and Led Zeppelin. "We came from pretty much the same neighborhood," Lee recalled. "We met in eighth grade. Alex used to borrow my amplifier all the time. We played in coffee shops for chips and gravy. I worked in my mother's hardware store for a while. Alex worked in a gas station. We were playing the English blues, John Mayall, Cream. Alex would pretend he was Eric Clapton, I would pretend I was Jack Bruce, and we'd play 'Spoonful' for twenty minutes. Then came the big crunch, heavy metal, and we thought, 'This is it!' '

Pretty soon so did their fans, as Rush became one of the most popular underground bands in the Toronto area. But major record companies didn't take the Canadian music scene seriously, as the migration of such homegrown talent as Neil Young, Joni Mitchell and Robbie Robertson proved, and it was impossible for Rush to get a record deal. So they formed their own company,

continued on next page

ANGERINE DREAM (WON'T) SELL OUT

ohn Swenson Ever since the group's inception in the late '60s, Tangerine Dream has been one of the boldest practitioners of electronic music on the planet. A product of the turbulent social creative ferment in a wide open Berlin art scene, the Dream was formed in '67 by Edgar Froese as a fairly standard psychedelic band whose name was inspired by the Beatles' Sgt. Pepper album.

Froese, a classically trained keyboardist and sculptor from Tilsit, West Germany, had already led several bands in the mid '60s, studied Stockhausen's electronic music concepts and spent a good deal of time with Salvador Dalí in Spain, an experience that he claims had a profound effect on his subsequent musical conception.

The Berlin student uprisings of 1968 formed the backdrop for Tangerine Dream's first concerts. The students demanded new musical structures and Froese was more than willing to comply, stretching the limits of song structures to the point where the band was performing freewheeling improvisational sets that often lasted for five or six hours at a stretch. Their resident club, the Berlin Zodiac, provided an appropriate venue for such experimental music-

continued on next page



"THE RECORD INDUSTRY GIVES YOU A BIG CHECK, A BIG CAR, AND ALL THE DRUGS YOU NEED."

TANGERINE DREAM

continued from preceding page one room was painted totally white, the other totally black.

After several personnel shifts, Tangerine Dream released their legendary Electronic Meditations album in 1970, then followed with such experimental classics as Alpha Centauri, Zeit, Atem and Phaedra, by which point they had received international acclaim for their music. In 1974 they played a concert at Rheims Cathedral in France that evoked such a frenzied response that the group was condemned by the pope.

The band's popularity was maintained through the late '70s with LPs like Rubycon, Ricochet, Stratosphere, Encore, Cyclone, Force Majeur, Tangram and the soundtracks to Sorcerer and The Thief. Froese recently stopped by to explain some of his work to HIGH TIMES readers.

'We picked up a lot of musical ideas from the West Coast bands," Froese said of the late-'60s scene in Germany. "Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane, Doors, Quicksilver Messenger Service, then also the Mothers of Invention. Every musician in Europe who was into that sophisticated feel did pick up those ideas from musicians over here. Unfortunately, I have to say that nobody could really learn that much from that tradition to set up their own music. It's a pity because most of the musicians in Europe did copy what was going on over here, with the result that record companies weren't much interested in signing them because they could license all the good acts from over here. It was very hard to find their own language."

Tangerine Dream itself suffered from this trend, bouncing from one label to another in an attempt to get the kind of distribution more commercial bands could muster. Froese saw his music as a direct outgrowth of the sociopolitical upheaval of the time. "It was a mind revolution," he explained. "Most of the people that did hope it would be more than a silver stripe on the hori-

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"IT WAS TIME TO COME OUT OF THE FOG AND PUT DOWN SOMETHING CONCRETE."

RUSH

continued from preceding page Moon Records, and released their debut LP, Rush, independently. The record sold so well as an import in the Midwest that U.S. record companies were forced to deal with them, and the band signed with Mercury Records. It was at this point that a new drummer, Neil Peart, joined the band.

Rush developed their heavy licks on the subsequent LPs Fly by Night and Caress of Steel before Peart's science-fiction-rich imagination provided the impetus for a series of concept albums that added a new twist to the burgeoning Rush legend. Their breakthrough record, 2112, developed an excellent science-fiction epic tale of a future hero who leads a rev-

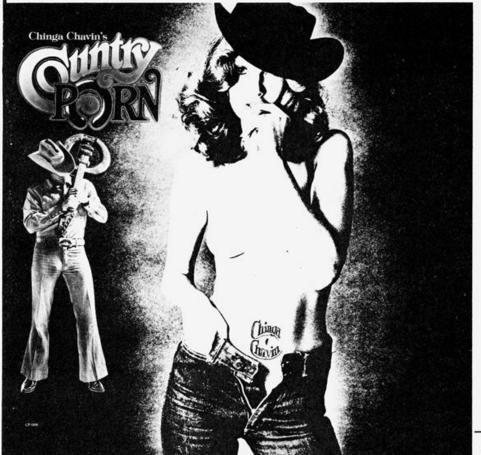
olution through music. The album also marked a musical evolution for the group, which produced the kind of nuance and space-music approach that had previously been the province of Pink Floyd. Rush had come of age, as the tremendously popular followups A Farewell to Kings and Hemispheres proved. The band's stage shows now revolved around these stories, buttressed by elaborate visual correlatives on a giant screen behind the stage.

Certain aspects of 2112 seem to parallel Robert Anton Wilson's Illuminatus books, but Geddy Lee, while knowing and liking Wilson's work, denied any specific connection. "It is a coincidence," said Lee, "and there is the philosophy that they came down to at the end of Illuminatus, that is exactly what we say in 2112, which is that one man is better than a million. But there's quite a difference between the three representations of apocalyptic imagery in 2112, Farewell to Kings and Hemispheres. In 2112 it's a political and social apocalypse, but in Hemispheres it was very much an internal one. It wasn't manifested by external violence and huge wars and sword-and-sorcery bloodshed. Farewell to Kings was again more of a morality question than one of external apocalypse. It was more

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TANGERINE DREAM continued from page 94

zon were disappointed a few years later. As soon as the industry stepped into the scenery and made a whole lot of money out of the psychedelic era, it was gone, the whole message was gone, the idea was totally corrupted, and it turned out to be just a plastic baby and it wasn't there anymore."

But Froese is encouraged by the kind of experimentation that some of the new-wave performers have demonstrated, much of which owes an obvious debt to T-Dream. "That was ten years ago," he said of the sellout, "but surprisingly just a half year ago it does start again, not the same way, like the end of the '60s with flower power and psychedelia. It's a more or less political awareness. People have started thinking, 'We have so many nuclear weapons, what happens if anyone wants to suppress us? We have no chance, there is no chance to survive.' That was a very healthy shock for the people in Europe. They started thinking more about their daily life again."

Froese feels he has done his part by not selling out to the industry but maintaining his artistic integrity in the face of adversity. He is understandably very proud that his band has done so well even with this attitude. "It's very strange," he laughed. "I'm not the kind of person who wants to change consciousness by getting lots of money, but our gradual success did show me that apart from all these publicity campaigns which record companies normally set up to promote a product, that you can communicate very directly to people just through your music. We just improvised our stuff, and suddenly we sold one hundred thousand copies, then suddenly millions of copies. 'What's going on? I thought. But it means you have a high responsibility. People are buying Tangerine Dream records not just behind a disco feel or for entertainment. We've got a particular mood coming out of our music so for some of them it's more than just an attempt to enjoy themselves. At the moment it's not time to think about egos. The new consciousnessoriented movement should be egoless because we're all in the same boat.

"I would not criticize colleagues who were eaten by the industry," he went on, "because I know how hard it is not to be eaten by them. It's so easy, they give you a big check, they give you a big car, a house in the sun, and keep you relaxed, give you all the drugs you need. It's so easy just to take it and say I want to have fun. But then your whole idea about your music and your personality is somehow corrupted.

"There's no need to be prostituted if you don't want to have two houses, five Rolls Royces and all that sort of shit. If you think about what you really need to produce your music, then you have to cut off part of your affluence. You can enjoy yourself, but not in the sense you forget where you started from."

Part of the reason for Froese's unconventional approach may well be his unusual background. His classical training made the early rock 'n' roll he experienced in Germany appear alien to him. "The first rock concert I went to was a Jerry Lee Lewis concert," he recalled. "I could not understand it, to be honest. I sat there and watched him jumping on and off the piano, playing with his boots and arms and hands. He did everything except playing in the normal way. I thought he was crazy. 'Where is this guy coming from?' I tell you what-I did not enjoy it. I thought the guy was mad. I walked out saying, 'Shit Americans'. But there must have been something left subconsciously because it came on and on again. I couldn't figure out why I didn't like it. Playing Mozart and Bach is one thing, but if somebody wants to approach the piano another way, why not? I watched the audience freaking out totally. You were told not to show your emotions, then suddenly you see people freaking out, totally, absolutely free, and it does not respond to your education. It was quite a good training seeing the first rock concerts even though I did not understand it."

That's okay, Edgar, there's a lot of folks out there who can't figure out Tangerine Dream either.

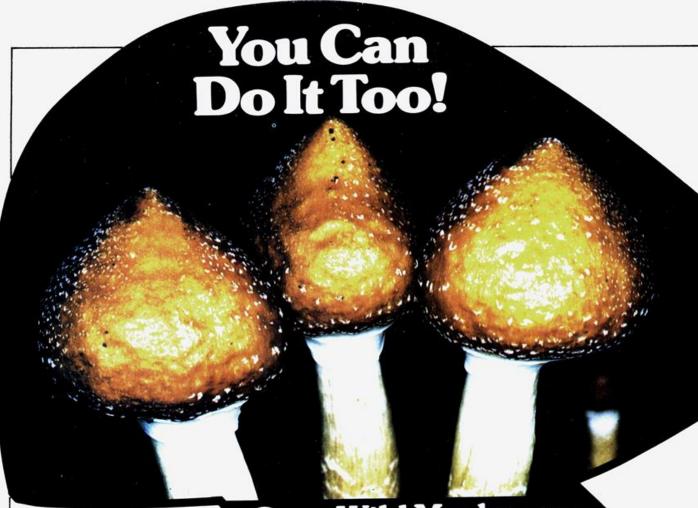


RUSH continued from page 94

a crumbling decay than any violent overthrow."

"It was real difficult," Lee continued, "because at the time we wrote part one, it was inspired by a Time magazine article on black holes, and we had this great idea about going into a black hole ["Cygnus X-1" to find out what was there, but we didn't know where to take it so we decided to continue it on the next record [Hemispheres]. Then when it came time to do part two we said, 'Where is this guy gonna go?' We didn't want him to go into your typical Star Trek time warp. It was hard to come up with something credible. Originally we were hoping to land the guy in utopia, but then we realized that was a little farfetched to represent on a record."

"When we wrote part one," concluded Peart, "we didn't know why he was going in there or what he was going to find there, it was just a perfect scenario for a rather shorter piece of music. All we could do was set the scene with that and hope for a breakthrough. When the idea of the dichotomy was first conceived in Hemispheres, I hadn't seen it as a successor to 'Cygnus.' I was telling the other guys about it. It was Geddy who suggested we might be able to work the Hemispheres concept into the 'Cygnus' story. In fact, they were continued on page 101



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SNOW JOB

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My body was no longer obeying me from the neck down but, oddly, I felt my nerves steady and my panic fade. There are times when things get so bad that it seems you've got little left to lose, and that is the time, as all high rollers know, to put your whole bankroll down and pick up those dice and go for broke.

"You've made your point, Stringy," I said in a calm, considering voice. Then I smiled. "Okay, then," I said brightly. "Let's talk!"

Stringy stared at me poker-faced for a couple of beats, and then he snorted derisively, and then he laughed. "You know, Jerry," he said, "you're pretty good."

"Thanks," I said dryly.

"You had me fooled, you know," Stringy said, smiling. "And I don't fool easily. I really thought that you were going to come across with all that great snow, I really did. And that setup! Your staging and your timing were superb, you know, quite first-rate, really. You had me going in just the direction you wanted me to go, steered neatly right down the chute. If I hadn't managed to pick up that bag in the confusion, I'd never have known that you were burning me-I would have just shrugged my shoulders and chalked it all up to fate, to the influence of some evil star. I really would have. You are a very subtle man, Jerry."

He was still wearing his Superfly pimp suit, but his voice had changed-it was cultured now, urbane, almost an octave higher, and although he still employed the occasional smattering of street slang, whatever the unfamiliar accent behind his words was, it certainly wasn't Pore Black Child from Lenox and 131st. Even his skin-it was different now; there were coppery highlights I'd never seen before, as if he were some refinement of racial type that simply did not exist. I was beginning to realize that whoever-or whatever-else Stringy was, he was also a bit of a con man himself.

'You're an alien, aren't you?" I asked suddenly. "From a flying saucer, right? Galactic Federation? The whole bit?" And with any luck a prime directive—don't hurt the poor backward natives. Please God?

He curled his lip in scorn. "Shit no."

"What are you, then?"

He propped his feet up on the desk, leaned back, put his hands behind his head. "Time traveler."

I gaped at him. "You're a...time traveler?"

"Got it in one, sport," he said languidly.

"If you're a time traveler-then why the fuck were you trying to score cocaine from

"Why not?" he said. He had closed his

"Why, for bleeding Christ's sake?"

He opened his eyes. "Well, I don't know what you do with yours, but what I do with mine is to stick it right up my nose and snuffle it up, snuffleuffleupagus, until it's all AMONG THE ELITE OF THE TIME CORPS, COKE IS THE DRUG OF CHOICE, NO OTHERS NEED APPLY.

gone. Yum. Gives you a hell of a nice rush. Helps pass the time while you're on your way to the Paleolithic, or whenever. Makes a long boring trip through the eons just fly by. Other time travelers may be into speed or reds or synapse-snappers or floaters, but among the elite of the Time Corps, such as myself, coke is the drug of choice, no others need apply...'

"That's not what I meant, dammit! Why come to me for it, why go to all that trouble, sneaking around in back alleys, spending all that money? If you can really travel in time, why not just go back to, say, pre-Conquest Peru, and gather up a sackful for nothing? Or if that's too much trouble, why not just go back to the turn of the century when it was still legal and buy all you want, with nobody giving a damn? Or . . . "

Stringy aimed a finger at me like a gun, and made a shooting motion, and I'm ashamed to admit that I flinched-who knew what he could or couldn't do with that finger? Nothing happened, though, except that he made a pow! noise with his lips, and then said, "Right on! You've put your finger right on the veritable crux of the problem, sport. Why not indeed?" He winked, laced his hands behind his head again. "The problem, my man, is that the authorities are almost as stuffy in my time as they were in yours, in spite of all the years gone by. Particularly the powers that be in the Time Corps, my bosses-they want us to flit soberly through the centuries on our appointed rounds, primly protecting the One and Proper Chain of Events and fighting off paradoxes. They do not want us, while we're engaged in protecting and preserving order by, say, keeping the bad guys from helping the Persians to win at Marathon, they do not want us at that particular moment to go sneaking off behind some scrubby Grecian bush, and blowing our brains right out of the top of our skulls with a big snootful of toot. They frown on that. They are, as I say, stuffy."

He stretched, and ran his fingers back through his Afro. "To forestall your next continued on next page





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SNOW JOB

continued from preceding page

question: No, of course my bosses can't watch all of time and space, but they don't have to-they can watch the monitors in the control complex that show where and when our timecraft are going. So if we're supposed to be in, say, 1956 Iowa, and we stop off in pre-Conquest Peru instead to grab us a sackful of crystal, why, that'll show up on the monitors, right, and we're in big trouble. No, what's been happening instead is that we've been doing a lot of work the last few subjective years more or less in this location and in this part of the century, and it's so much easier, when we're scheduled to be in 1982 Philadelphia or whenever anyway-when our car is already parked, so to speak, and the monitors off-to just whomp up some money, whatever amount is necessary, and take a few minutes off and go hunt up a native source. To take our bucket to the well, so to speak."

"I see," I said weakly.

"Except," Stringy said, sitting up slowly and deliberately putting his feet back on the ground and his hands flat on the desk in front of him, "except, Jerry, what do you think happened? We went to the well with our bucket this time, and the well was dry, Jerry." That flat, evil light was back in his eyes again. "No snow in our forecast, Jerry old bean. And do you know why? Because you burned us, Jerry..."

"If you can do all that stuff," I said, fighting to control the fear that wanted my voice to break and whine, "why don't you just go back to the start of all this and find yourself another source? Just never come to see me in the first place." Why me, Lord? Let this cup pass from me...

Stringy shook his head. "Might create a paradox loop, and that'd show up on the monitors. I came close enough to looping when I shook off the fuzz and came angling back to snatch you away from the long arm of the law. Although"-he smiled thinly-"I would've loved to have seen the faces of those cops when you ran right through that brick wall; that's one police report that'll never get filed."

"Then why don't you let me take the money and go out and buy you some real

He shook his head again, that ominous glint in his eyes. "It's not the money-that's just paper. It's not even getting the coke anymore. It's the principle of the thing."

If I'd been a bit nearer, I'd have spit in his eye. "Why you dumb ersatz nigger!" I snarled, losing the ragged edge of my temper. "You're a terrific one to be talking about principles. You paid for the whole transaction in funny money. You stiffed me."

He shrugged. "Your people never would've noticed anything odd about that money. But that doesn't matter anway. What matters is-you don't fuck around with the Time Corps. Never, ever, not even when the only mission we're on is a clandestine

WAS JUDGE **CRATER NOW A** KITCHEN SLAVE IN ANCIENT CARTHAGE?

dope run. You've screwed over the Time Corps, and we're going to take it out of your hide, I promise you." He smiled that thin and icy smile again, and it cut like a razor. "We'll get that one hundred thousand dollars' worth of use out of you, Jerry-one way or another."

I tried to keep my face still, but a hundred dreadful images were skittering behind my eyes, and he probably knew it: me as a galley slave, tied to a giant oar while the salt seaspray stings the festering whip scars on my back; me as a mine slave, working deep underground, never seeing the sun, lungs straining at the foul air, my back gnarled, my hands torn and bleeding; me as a medieval serf, struggling to pull a primitive plow through the unturned soil, sweating and groaning like a mule; me being disemboweled, crucified, having my eyes put out, having molten gold poured down my throat . . . No doubt a race of time travelers could arrange for any of those fates-history is large enough to swallow thousands of wretches like me down into nameless oblivion, and no doubt it had. Was Judge Crater now a kitchen slave in ancient Carthage? Did Ambrose Bierce now spend his time shoveling out manure piles in some barnyard in Celtic Britain?

We'll get a hundred thousand dollars' worth of use out of you, one way or another. Think, dammit, think. Let's see the giant brain get you out of this one, kid.

My mind raced like a car engine does when someone has the accelerator and the brake simultaneously floored.

I stared unflinchingly into Stringy's icepale eyes for one heartbeat, two heartbeats, three, and then slowly, oh so slowly, I allowed a smile to form on my face, a beatific smile, a knowing smile, a smile that I managed to make both mocking and conspiratorial all at the same time.

"Tell me, Stringy," I said lazily, "do you ever meddle with the One and Proper Chain of Events instead of just preserving the status quo? Do you ever tinker with it, just a little bit, here and there, now and then. Do you ever beat the bad guys to the punch by changing something first?"

"Well..." Stringy said. He looked un-

"You know something, Stringy?" I said, still in that same dreamy, drifting, conversational tone. "I'm one of the few guys in the world who can pull off the big concan't be more than five or six others who can handle it, and I'm the best of them. There can't ever have been many, not in any age. And I took you with it, Stringy—you know that I did. I took you with it clean. And you know just as well as I do that if it hadn't been for an act of God, a million-toone accident, you never even would have tumbled to the fact that I took you."

"Well..." Stringy said. "Maybe so..."

I felt a rush of fierce singing joy and carefully hid it. I was going to do it! I was going to con the sonofabitch. I was going to take him! With the odds stacked overwhelmingly in his favor, still I was going to take him!

I metaphorically rolled up my sleeves and settled down to *talk* better and faster than I had ever talked before.

Now, years later by my own subjective life clock, I sometimes wonder just who was conning whom. I think that Stringy—not actually his name, of course; but then, neither is my name Jerry—was playing me like a virtuoso angler with a record trout on the line from the moment I came stumbling through the time screen, playing on my fear and anger and disorientation, letting me run up against black despair and then see just the faintest glimmer of hope beyond, conning me into thinking I was conning him into letting me do what he'd wanted me to do all along: or, at any rate, as soon as he had realized what sort of man I was.

Good recruits for the more exotic branches of the Time Corps are hard to come by in any age, just as I'd said, and Stringy was—and is—a very subtle fellow indeed. I always enjoy working with him, and one of the fringe benefits—for Stringy's taste for snow was real enough—is the plenitude of high-quality dope he always manages to gather unto himself.

Ironically, my specialty within the corps has become directing operations where the button is *supposed* to come hot, where the marks are *supposed* to realize that they are being conned; their resultant fury, if adroitly directed toward the proper target, can have some very interesting effects indeed.

As with the South Sea Bubble scandal, for instance, which brought Walpole—no friend of Bolingbroke's—into power, as a minor result of which—one of many, many results which echoed down the time lines for centuries—a certain motion picture starring Errol Flynn was never made, or even contemplated. Or with the Teapot Dome scandal, as a result of which—a small result among many more significant and long-term results—Harding's name is not attached to a certain dam in Colorado, and never has been.

My latest operation is something that will come to be called Watergate. You haven't heard of it yet—you couldn't have heard of it yet. But just give it time—you will.

RUSH

continued from page 96

were joined afterwards."

It wasn't until the 1980 album *Permanent Waves*, though, that Rush finally achieved the mass popularity they've enjoyed since. That record moved away from the concept album in favor of shorter songs, which meant hit singles ("Spirit of the Radio" from that record was their first hit) and better critical response.

"It was time to stop the concept stories," Lee agreed. "What you have to say ends up being very nebulous, because you're concerned with this big story. You try to make the story right, you try to evoke the right moods, and invariably sixteen different people come up to you and tell you sixteen different things about what you're trying to say. That's fine, because that's the way it really should be, but for us it was time to come out of the fog for a while and put down something concrete."

With Permanent Waves and the followup, Moving Pictures, Rush laid the foundations for their current arena-filled success. Their most recent album, the double-disc live set Exit... Stage Left, provides awesome testimony to the band's in-person power. Success hasn't slowed them down, either. Rush has toured constantly over the past year and is already planning their next series of moves. "The last time we had a creative hiatus to do a live album," Peart explained, "it gave us so much time to prepare ourselves that it gave us a dynamic leap in progression."

During the band's endless tours they've developed the habit of getting together for a pickup ice hockey game whenever they can. "I grew up with Steve Shutt," said Lee, referring to the All-Star forward for the Montreal Canadiens ice-hockey team. "We went to the same school and I used to hang around with him a lot. I was down in a basement playing 'Spoonful' and he was on the ice firing nine hundred pucks at the net. He's one of the few friends I've kept in contact with. His lifestyle is very much similar to ours. He plays for a big hockey team. They play the same halls that we do most of the time, and all of a sudden you'll get a phone call in Atlanta...We run into each other all over the fucking world.

"We got real drunk one night a couple of years ago and we went back to the hotel, and Larry Robinson said to Alex, 'I really want to get a guitar, eh?' So he said sure. Two years later Robinson still wants the guitar, and all of a sudden we happen to be into playing hockey, so I said 'I'll make you a deal: You give us a year's supply of hockey sticks, and I'll give you a guitar.' The deal went down, so now I have forty-eight hockey sticks in my garage."

"We wear them out," Lifeson interjected, "from falling on them." \square

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NIGHTMARE

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Where do nightmares come from? In order of certainty, nightmares come from within the sleeper; from the neural synapses of the lower brain stem; from the experiences of the waking life of the sleeper; from the primal, subconscious and instinctive emotional ties within the racial memory of the human species.

The last 30 years of sleep research have given us some fascinating, illuminating and comforting pieces of information. For instance, many subjects who have been awakened during stage one sleep report that they were actually thinking. Their thoughts ranged from things as practical as "I must remember to feed the cat in the morning" to "Why can't I fall asleep?" even though they are asleep. Many people swear that they are awake, didn't sleep or can't get to sleep when in actuality brain-wave monitoring has shown that they were asleep the entire time. Stage two, the second stage of lighter sleep, is also familiar to most people. This second stage is the level of sleep during which something familiar, such as a regularly scheduled train or even, unfortunately, an inefficient alarm clock, will not disturb the sleeper at all. But something unusual-an object falling or a burglar-can register and immediately arouse the sleeper. It is during stage four that scientists believe we get our needed rest. When experimental subjects experience a below-average amount of stage four sleep, they compensate by remaining in stage four sleep for an above-average amount of time the following night. It is during this deepest level of NREM sleep that the strange phenomena of sleepwalking, nightmares and bed-wetting occur.

The average sleeper will pass from stage one through the deepest level of stage four and then back up to a very light sleep before going into the stage of REM and dreaming. During REM sleep, sexual arousal occurs, not only in adults, but in children as well. Despite the fact that the eyes move rapidly, breathing is often very rapid and blood pressure rises significantly, the major muscles of the body are inhibited from movement by the nervous system. This genuine paralysis could be the body's way of preventing possibly damaging movements while the sleeper dreams of being physically active.

Psychology is another area in which sleep research has produced radical findings. Dreaming has been traditionally explored and understood through the postulations of Sigmund Freud. One type of nightmare that is of common occurrence involves the phenomenon that Freud called displacement. Freud believed that unacceptable emotions, such as dislike of ourselves, were placed upon other objects or persons to make them acceptable in our dreams.

Freud said that dreams represent material repressed as a result of the moral strictures of society that are superimposed upon the primary needs of the individual. Freud's Victorian society was very restrictive of sexuality. He postulated that the individual's need to express the primary sex drive was subjected to constant repression until the social strictures are weakened by the state of sleep. He further believed that our inhibitions would still be strong enough to disguise this forbidden sexual content symbolically. For instance, long pointed objects represent the penis and enclosed

Every night our breathing and blood pressure increase and we have several sexual arousals.

spaces such as boxes represent the womb. Despite our much freer sexual attitudes, to-day's psychiatrists still follow these basic principles.

This has all been fine and dandy for quite a while, but since the advent of the EEG and the development of sleep research, most if not all of this would appear to be questionable, at the least. Among other things, the EEG has revealed that animals experience dream sleep—including goats, sheep, rats, mice and dogs—none of whom have yet demonstrated repressive moral codes worth mentioning. On a more human level, testing has demonstrated that newborn babies show dream sleep for as much as 80 percent of their sleeping time. The average adult dreams only 25 percent of the time. If infant dreams are based upon infant experiences, we must ask the question of how much opportunity society has had to impose moral restrictions upon a day-old infant.

It would also seem that if Freud was right in assuming that dreams represent repressed material from our waking life, then there would be wide variation in the quantity and elapsed time of dreams between different individuals and in the same individual at different times, depending upon the events of our daily life. In other words, a very repressed individual should experience far more dreams than somebody with a more liberated head. However, dream sleep occupies roughly that same 25 percent of the time most people spend sleeping, regardless of personality, life experience or sexual proclivities.

At McGill University in Montreal, a neurosurgeon named Wilder Penfield has been expanding the frontiers of brain research by using an electrical current to stimulate transmission between synapses in parts of the brain cortex and asking the

continued on next page

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NIGHTMARE

continued from preceding page

patient to describe what they experienced. As a result, Penfield has been able to diagram the parts of the cortex in terms of their relationship to other parts of the body. Patients reported experiencing sights, sounds and even the entire range of emotions, just as they do in dreams. This recent work seems to indicate that we maintain a complete file of memories that are accessible to us as either accurate or distorted replicas of real-life experience. These have been and can be evoked by simply activating a critical neuron in the brain electrically. Spontaneous neural activity of this kind seems to originate in the lower brain and very well could account for animal as well as human dreams. Spontaneous impulses cross a length of ascending neuron and jump across the synaptic gap to spark the next higher level of neurons and set off a random pattern of discharges causing the impressions and motions which we label dreams. There is then the possibility that the dream mechanism lies completely outside the dreamer's responsibility, that the dream expresses no wish, no impulse, no suppressed or unconscious need, but rather a random combination of stored impressions.

Still, the most frightening of the frontiers of sleep has yet to be explained by modern research. What is the mechanism that vitalizes our dreams, charges them with emotion, activates the payload of horror, unleashes the nightmare?

THE VICTIMS OF NIGHTMARES ARE IN A POSItion to prevent them. Unknown as it may be, the nightmare is a phenomenon within our system and, therefore, can be dealt with within our individual systems. The first task is to be able to halt the nightmare by awakening yourself. The abilities necessary are first to alert yourself to the start of the nightmare, the portion before the frightening finale, and secondly, to awaken yourself at a signal.

First, to alert yourself to the progress of nightmares, you must ask yourself the following questions: 1. Do your nightmares occur in the same place or setting? Describe it accurately and then decide to awaken whenever you see it during a dream. 2. Do particular people appear in your nightmares? If so, decide to awaken as soon as you meet these people during a dream. 3. Do your nightmares have a particular premonition of emotion, uneasiness, dread, terror, laughter, happiness or joy? It need not be a negative emotion-simply any which immediately precedes your nightmares. If so, identify them and decide to awaken as soon as they appear in your dreams. 4. Are there any special sounds or sights which immediately precede a nightmare? Again, remember and decide to awaken as soon as the sight or sound appears as part of your dreams.

You'll be very surprised at the result of this exercise. You are simply making yourself aware of the advent of a nightmare and using a natural ability to awaken yourself at your own choice. When you awaken, do not allow yourself to fall back into dream sleep and your aborted nightmare again. Stay awake for at least five minutes-standing, walking or sitting in a chair before returning to bed. The following are a very good set of rules to avoid the occurrence of nightmares at all: 1. Deliberately tire yourself with exercise and physical activity during the day and before sleep. 2. Do not eat, drink, watch television or engage in conversation while in bed. Do not eat or drink anything during the night. 4. Avoid alcohol. Do not use prescribed sleeping medications, or do not use them for more than ten consecutive days if you must use them at all. If you sleep during the day, go to bed later than usual on that particular evening and/or increase your exercise and physical activity.

The combination of physical exercise and a tired body and the avoidance of the various means of distracting or tranquilizing the mind will create a healing process which, day by day, will counterbalance the continuing phenomenon of the nightmares until they disappear.

Recent research into sleep phenomena has revealed illuminating information about those nightmares that do not occur during REM sleep and are not a suppressed need for pleasure or pain. Research shows that NREM nightmares occur during the fourth deepest level of NREM sleep, that stage when the body should be recuperating and the mind restoring itself, a period of physical paralysis, lowered life signs and brain-wave patterns similar to those occurring in a coma.

As all of us know only too well, the principle ingredient of these nightmares is fear. The nightmare contains that haunting primal quality of terror which for most individuals equates to fear of death. The conceptual kinship between sleep and death has always existed in modern mythology. In ancient Greece, the twin brothers Hypno and Thanatos were the gods of sleep and death. In Rome, Somnus ruled sleep while his twin brother, Mor, reigned over the kingdom of death. Primitive societies have always believed that death was a permanent departure of the soul from the body, while sleep represented a temporary absence of the soul. In *The Iliad*, Homer says: "Sleep and Death/two twins of winged race of matchless swiftness/but of silent pace."

Perhaps, as has been hypothesized, REM sleep, with its accompanying dreams, establishes the neural muscular coordination necessary for voluntary conjugate eye movements in the young, periodically reinforcing them in the adult. Perhaps, nightmares are a manifestation of the one primordial fear shared by all animals, the consuming fear of the coming, inevitable, unavoidable moment of dying.

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DuPont's Cube

& Other Follies

by Dean Latimer, Sordid Affairs Editor

GIVE US a break," the publisher annotated onto the detailed and evenhanded critique of the newly reborn "Steppingstone Hypothesis" as set forth in a 1981 governmentfunded paper out of the University of Kentucky that proves, by pure statistics, that grass smoking really does lead to heroin, after all. "Take off the gloves, okay?" he begged.

Okay, boss. The game is called DuPont's Cube. Gather hither, all ye pocket-computer freaks, and cook *this* one up.

Dr. Robert DuPont of the American Council on Marijuana, Inc., says that 50 percent of all people who smoke marijuana 1,000 times also do heroin at least once. Five years ago, there were 23 million people smoking marijuana about three times per week, by University of Michigan statistics, and that number has not materially altered since then. In 1976, the National Drug Abuse Council estimated there were more than 700,000 heroin addicts in the United States. Yet the U.S. General Accounting Office estimates the national junkie population right now to be less than 500,000. The object of DuPont's Cube is to jam all these statistics together and come up with a printout showing that in fact grass smoking doesn't appear to cause a decline in heroin use, by the numbers. Anyone who can solve DuPont's Cube gets all the pussy and cocaine I can personally furnish. Or me and cocaine, if it's a woman does it.

Take the gloves off, huh? That's a bummer. Then I have to kick the ass in print of one Dr. Richard Clayton, the unhappy Lexington statistical sociologist who composed "The Steppingstone Hypothesis"—that's the *title* of it—for the National Institute on Drug Abuse. In 1975, Dr. Clayton's boss, Dr. John O'Donnell, compiled the drug histories of 2,150 young men, some of



whom smoked grass, some of whom didn't. By comparing pot smokers and nonsmokers, Dr. O'Donnell came up with plenty of useful statistical information for NIDA.

Then in 1981, while NIDA was being hacked to little giblets by Reagan's "junkyard dog" budget cutters, somebody obviously told Dr. Clayton (Dr..O'Donnell having died meantimes) to take those sixyear-old statistics and confect statistical proof today that grass use "causes" heroin use. If more pot smokers happen to try heroin, even once in their lives, than nonsmokers, that qualifies as a "causal" relationship in the special terminology of sociology, that bastard discipline. So poor Dr. Clayton sat himself down before a computer console in 1981 and managed to divine that while only one nonsmoker in 1975 admitted to doing heroin even once, nearly 33 percent of the guys who'd smoked oftener than 1,000 times in their lives said they'd schmecked at least once.

That was all Clayton had to do. NIDA chief Dr. William Pollin immediately cited Clayton's study in the Senate to justify why NIDA should be spared David Stockman's budget chain-saw massacre. And Dr. Robert DuPont of the ACM backed him up magnificently, telling his nationwide neo-Right "parents" antidope special-interest political phalange that half of all people who smoke grass heavily turn automatically into full-blown heroin addicts, ready to rip off decent citizens at gunpoint to score their next THC fix.

"Do it in less than 700 words," the editor said when he returned my elegant 1,700-word critique of the "Steppingstone Hypothesis" for revision. "Take the gloves off, okay?"

Okay, boss. Dr. Richard Clayton, in my professional estimation, is an academic twit, and Robert DuPont's American Council on Marijuana is nothing more nor less than an academic brothel servicing the lusts of the multibillion-dollar pharmaceuticals industry. Is that bare-handed enough for you? After the libel writs are served, I only hope that the magistrates hearing the case are interested enough in the issue at hand to ask Dr. Clayton to prove he's not an academic twit and the ACM, Inc., to prove it's not an academic brothel servicing the lusts of the multibillion-dollar pharmaceuticals industry.

In 1970, there were over 9 million heroin addicts in the United States; now there are fewer than 1 million. In 1970, there were fewer than 9 million regular marijuana smokers; now there are over 20 million. The drug-culture pimps for whom I work would love it if I offered this as proof that marijuana "causes" abstinence from heroin-this Clayton guy got applauded for doing the pure pathetic reverse, right?-but that's horseshit. Pure horseshit. Just as horseshit as anything NIDA and the ACM, Inc., have done. I am not a whore: I don't suck ass to anybody.

But I sure am close enough to it to have infinite sympathy for Dr. Richard Clayton of the sociology department of the University of Kentucky at Lexington. (How the-beloved old narcotic farm ever came to this, I'll never know.) He's really a nice guy, Clayton. The pigs just set him up to hold the bag for them with this one, and he bit, that's all. Bit the big one.

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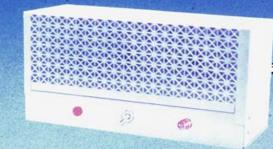
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